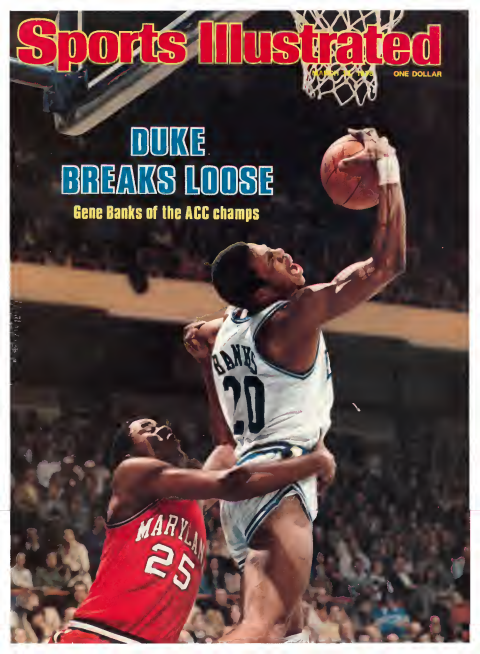


# Sports Illustrated



APRIL 1978

ONE DOLLAR

## DUKE BREAKS LOOSE

Gene Banks of the ACC champs

# Here's why Ford Fairmont is America's best-selling new car in history.\*

**Most room for the money of any car or wagon.**

Based on official government EPA interior volume index and sticker prices.



"Our family is getting bigger, not smaller."

**Highest mileage rating of any mid-size car.**

EPA estimates - 33 mpg hwy, 23 city. With 2.3 litre engine and 4 speed manual transmission. Your actual mileage may vary according to how and where you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment. Calif. ratings lower.



"These days, the higher the better."

**Lowest sticker price of any mid-size car.**

2 door sticker prices start at \$3,589. Model shown is \$3,757 excluding title, taxes and destination charges.



"We'd love it even without the low price."

At Ford, the better ideas keep coming. **FORD FAIRMONT**

FORD DIVISION



\*Based on sales of new car nameplates since introduction.



# You're looking at what our competitors don't want you to see.

| Stereo Receivers | Sugg. Ret. Price* | Min. RMS Power Per Channel into 8 Ohms | Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power (Max.) | FM Sensitivity IHP '58 Stereo—50dB* |
|------------------|-------------------|----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| SA-5770          | \$799.95          | 165 watts from 20Hz-20kHz              | 0.08%                                           | 1.8 $\mu$ V 35.7dBf                 |
| SA-5570          | 499.95            | 65 watts from 20Hz-20kHz               | 0.1                                             | 1.8 $\mu$ V 36.3dBf                 |
| SA-5470          | 399.95            | 65 watts from 20Hz-20kHz               | 0.1                                             | 1.8 $\mu$ V 36.2dBf                 |
| SA-5370          | 329.95            | 48 watts from 20Hz-20kHz               | 0.1                                             | 1.8 $\mu$ V 37.3dBf                 |
| SA-5270          | 279.95            | 35 watts from 20Hz-20kHz               | 0.3                                             | 1.9 $\mu$ V 37.2dBf                 |
| SA-5170          | 229.95            | 25 watts from 20Hz-20kHz               | 0.5                                             | 1.9 $\mu$ V 37.3dBf                 |
| SA-5070          | 179.95            | 15 watts from 40Hz-20kHz               | 0.6                                             | 2.0 $\mu$ V 37.3dBf                 |

\*Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

\*Ries IHP '58 standard

**PPR.** The price performance relationship of Technics new receiver line led by the SA-5770 (shown below). PPR is our way of telling you how much performance, technology and power you're getting for your money. And it may be the reason why so many people are buying and recommending Technics receivers.

When you listen to our new receivers, you'll hear what PPR means to your ears: The big, wide-band power output of our direct-coupled amplifiers. Made possible by the current handling capacity of our large transformers and conservatively rated power supply capacitors. And the hidden dynamic range you'll discover in your records, up to 78 dB S/N. Thanks to load-resistant 3-stage IC's in the phono equalizer sections.

If you want to hear clear FM, from an overcrowded band or a marginal signal. You can. And with outstanding separation. Because every Technics receiver boasts Phase Locked Loop IC's, flat group delay filters and an FM linear dial scale.

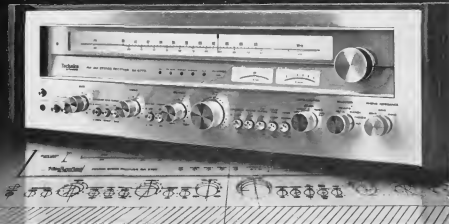
What you won't hear is annoying distortion. Because it's so low, it's virtually inaudible, even in our economy model.

Technics new receivers. Judge them on performance. But buy them on PPR.

All economy is simulated + cost.

## Technics

by Panasonic





**Because there are two major  
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**Allstate Homeowners Insurance  
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To protect your house and most belongings, you need Allstate Homeowners Insurance.

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**Your Allstate agent can put the two together.**

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You're in good hands.

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Allstate Insurance Company • Allstate Life Insurance Company • Northbrook, Ill



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**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER**

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PRESENTS

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AND  
DR. J!

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If having your oil changed is one of your favorite pastimes, this ad is not for you.

But if your heart skipped a beat at the thought of 25,000 miles without an oil change, boy, have we got an oil for you.

Because now Mobil 1 synthetic motor oil will take you 25,000 miles

(or one year, whichever comes first) on one oil change, adding,

of course, new oil as needed\*. That could mean a savings of almost three oil changes a year. Mobil 1 also happens to be the oil that saves you gas. In fact, it reduces friction so well that an average car gets up to 10 extra miles

on a tankful of gas. (Some test cars got up to 27 more miles per tankful.)

And, as if all that weren't enough, Mobil 1 will help get your car started at 35 below. And it'll help keep it going. Even when some engine temperatures

reach a brutal 500 above.

So the next time you pull

up to your Mobil dealer for gas, service or a

simple safety check, switch over to Mobil 1. Just think, you won't have to change it again for another 25,000 miles. Now, aren't you glad you hung around for this ad?

## Now Mobil 1 puts 25,000 miles between oil changes.

**Mobil 1. The Oil that does it all.**

\*If your car is brand new, use Mobil 1 and follow warranty instructions.

Mobil 1 is available in Canada through Imperial Oil stations.





You won't get crabgrass  
this summer if you  
stop the seeds now

Now, Halts works  
fine for  
annual grassy  
weeds like  
crabgrass, but  
it won't do any-  
thing for broad-  
leaf and vine-type  
weeds like dandelions  
and chickweed. You  
have to get them  
after they come  
up, and our Turf Builder Plus 2<sup>®</sup>  
will do that job for you.

They used to call this  
fingergrass because it  
reached out like a lot of  
fingers and everywhere it  
went it put down more roots.  
Pulling it up was awful. It  
was tied to the ground.

Anyway, some thirteen years  
ago we came up with an easy way  
to get rid of it. You just keep  
it from ever coming up.

Crabgrass is an annual  
that dies every fall. That's when  
it spreads its seeds—up to 90,000  
from just one plant. Those seeds  
will start to sprout about the middle  
of spring and by late summer you'll have  
regular mats of the stuff choking your  
good grass. (Good grass loves cool  
weather, crabgrass loves hot weather.)

Our Turf Builder Plus Halts<sup>®</sup> keeps  
those seeds from sprouting. All it takes  
is half an hour with your spreader in early  
spring before the seeds get started. The  
"Halts" part is the crabgrass preventer.  
The "Turf Builder" part is Scotts' lawn  
fertilizer. So you'll be giving your good  
grass an early feeding at the same time  
you prevent the crabgrass.

We make Turf Builder<sup>®</sup> with our spe-  
cial kind of slow-release nitrogen so  
that your lawn will go on getting food  
for up to two months, just when it needs  
it to get good and thick.

We sell Turf Builder Plus Halts with  
the plainest guarantee we know: "If for  
any reason you are not satisfied with  
results after using this product, you are  
entitled to get your money back. Simply  
send us evidence of purchase and we will  
mail you a refund check promptly."

## Are you still pulling up crabgrass? We put a "Halt" to this 13 years ago.

If you can't tell one weed from an-  
other, that's when your nearest Scotts  
Lawn Pro<sup>®</sup> can help you out. He's a local  
expert who knows what's growing in  
your neighborhood and what to do about  
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only thing you pay for is what you buy.

If you want his address, call us toll free:

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have that many.



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Every month, MONEY offers helpful suggestions on everything from making your home more luxurious to selecting the very best discount wines.

from choosing a tennis camp you can afford to taking a do-it-yourself safari for only \$30 a day...from building your summer dreamhouse to maximizing your investments. Plus investment ideas...techniques for getting ahead in your career...consumer tips...even suggestions for starting your own successful business.

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## BOOKTALK

by JULIE LAMB

CLARE FRANCIS SAILED THE ATLANTIC ALONE AND LIVED TO TELL THE TALE

The chronicles of intrepid sailors hold a special fascination for many readers. Columbus journals, Joshua Slocum's memoirs, Francis Chichester's accounts of his solo voyages, all convey the excitement of hardships overcome, fears conquered, the unknown faced and beaten. On a somewhat more modest scale, though still sharing the adventure of those famous sea stories, is *Woman Alone* (David McKay Company, Inc., \$8.95) by Clare Francis, a 30-year-old Englishwoman who sailed her 38-foot boat, *Robertson's Golly*, in the 1976 *London Observer's* Single-handed Transatlantic Race from Plymouth, England to Newport, R.I.

The 5' 2" Francis, a ballet dancer and ecologist by training, a sailor by preference, covered the 3,000 miles in 29 days, finishing 13th. She was the first woman to arrive and broke the women's transatlantic record by three days. The race was a particularly rough one. Of the 125 starters, only 73 finished; five were rescued after their boats sank and two participants were lost at sea.

Accompanied by occasional seas, dolphins, whales and, for a brief period, a vitas pigeon, Francis and *Robertson's Golly* struggle through heavy fog, 35-foot waves, 55-knot winds, dead calms, a near disastrous problem with a damaged self-steering device and a series of events that would shake the hardest of sailors. She comes up on deck on the morning of the 18th day to discover that *Robertson's Golly* has just sailed between two enormous icebergs, miraculously missing both. But in spite of these difficulties and collisions with sharp edges on the rolling boat that caused innumerable cuts and bruises, battles with heavy, wet sails and exhaustion (she woke hourly every night to check on the boat's progress), Francis claims that only once during the grueling trip did she use "a very rude word."

Early in her tale Francis asks the standard question: "Why go on such a journey?" "It was simply a great adventure in which you had to pit your wits and your skill against the sea," she answers. Discovering her great adventure meant "gales that went on forever, wet long johns, soggy food that was impossible to cook, damp books that fell apart in your hands, and, above all, no one to complain to"—although frequent hallucinations caused her to think her boyfriend was on board—Francis finally asks, "Would I go again?" "Absolutely and unequivocally not," is her very sensible answer.

END

# New Cat in town.



Early Times has turned a Tomcat loose.

Tomcat is a delicious peach sour flavored cocktail. All you need is a little "Bar-Tender's" Tomcat Instant Mix, Early Times and a splash of water. If you're looking for a great new drink, let Early Times bring out the Tomcat in you.

Ask for Tomcat Instant Mix at your favorite food or liquor store. To get a set of 4-9 1/2 oz. Tomcat glasses and four packets of Tomcat Instant Mix, send \$3.95 to: Early Times Tomcat Glasses, P.O. Box 986, Maple Plain, Minnesota 55359. Offer valid only where legal—limited time only.

## Early Times. To know us is to love us.

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# A FRESH NEW SL

Nick's  
BAKERY



## You're going to lo

Every new Malibu Coupe and Sedan is made with:

- 1 A strong and beautiful Body by Fisher.
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- 20 A 6-passenger interior.
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\*With new standard 3.3 litre V6 and manual transmission. Your mileage will vary depending on how and where you drive, car's condition and available equipment. Power train not available in California. Malibu is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your Chevy dealer for details.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT M. BOYLE

## UGLY TALK

Will a ballplayer lay down on the job because he's not getting the salary he thinks he deserves? That's the ugly talk in Houston. When Joe Sambito and nine other Astros, mostly pitchers, were unable to come to terms this year, General Manager Tal Smith renewed their 1977 contracts. This prompted Sambito to sound off: "Don't they want us to win? We play 14 of our first 16 games against Los Angeles or Cincinnati, and considering how upset our young pitchers are, it could cost us some games. I know my performance could be affected by the way I'm treated. This is going to show. It will affect our concentration."

Pitcher Floyd Bannister said, "When I go out on the mound knowing I'm not getting what I deserve, sure it'll be on my mind. How can you be expected to do the job?"

Last week such talk led Smith to reprimand the players behind closed doors—and, with their knowledge, Smith taped the words for the press. This is what he told the players: "These comments are going to come back to haunt you. You turned a lot of people off by your statements."

"One thing that really disturbs me is the reference that you can't perform well if the club doesn't satisfy your demands. To me, that casts a reflection on your integrity as a professional athlete."

"Your fans, your teammates and your club, I think, are entitled to your best efforts. If you get bent, the fans and your teammates and your club should feel it was because the man or team was better than you on that given day. You've run the risk of leaving the impression that when you get bent, it's because you lay down."

## SWISH!

Doane Wood of Licking Valley High School in Newark, Ohio made the dream shot against Big Walnut High. With two seconds to go in the half and Licking Valley trailing by two points, Wood, stand-

ing under the basket at the opposite end of the floor, heaved the ball 88 feet and it went through the hoop without touching the rim. A remarkable shot (but one which had no bearing on the outcome: Licking Valley won 86-75), and it brings to mind the 1957 NBA All-Star Game when Bill Sharman of the Celtics tried to pass to Bob Cousy downcourt. Sharman overthrew Cousy and the ball swished through the basket 70 feet away. Nonchalantly turning to Dick Garmaker of the Lakers, who was guarding him, Sharman said, "You never did play very good defense."

## ZONE OF CONTENTION

Larry O'Brien, the NBA Commissioner, called a foul on one of his own officials last week. Before a game between the New Jersey Nets and the Atlanta Hawks at Pascataway, N.J., Richie Powers, the lead referee, informed the coaches and captains of both teams that he would not enforce league Rule No. 12, Section I, which prohibits zone defenses. The Nets, who won 97-75, used a thinly disguised 2-3 zone, and the Hawks a zone trap.

O'Brien promptly fined Powers \$2,500 and suspended him without pay for three games, stating, "The job of a referee is to enforce the existing playing rules, not to arbitrarily set aside those rules to suit his own views."

Powers is not just another ref. With 20 years in the NBA, he is the senior official in point of service. Many also consider him the best. Moreover, Powers says he has the backing of most of his fellow referees, and the coaches and players. The NBA banned the zone almost 30 years ago on the grounds that it slowed down the game and made it less exciting. But Powers says, "With the 24-second clock the zone doesn't make a difference. As it stands, the rule is easily circumvented. All it does is disturb the concentration of referees who are being constantly baited by coaches to look out for the zone."

Powers acted in the Nets-Hawks game

because both teams regularly use zones. They are not alone, however. Powers says he has warned virtually every team and every coach at one time or another.

Powers was wrong in taking the law into his own hands, but if his insurrection brings about a change, the game may be the better for it. "This suspension is the most devastating thing to happen to my career," he says. "I'm not the revolutionary type. But under the same circumstances, I'd probably do it again."

## GETTING THE JUMP

Ski jumping may never be the same. There is now an alternative to those costly towers used by skiers to launch themselves into space. Called the speed sling or catapult takeoff, it is the brainchild of



Pertti Pasanen, a Finnish comedian and movie producer. For the last three years Pasanen has been urging his invention on the Federation Internationale de Ski. Recently, meeting in Finland, the FIS approved the catapult for competition.

Inasmuch as the speed sling is said to offer all kinds of advantages, Gus Raasm of the FIS jumping committee was asked to describe the device. In a cable from Finland, Raasm said, "It needs a long and flat, or slightly inclined, area. The engine is an electric motor with variable speed adjustment, which drives a thin cable along pulleys (aside steel guides) with delayed slow starts and then fast acceleration to a constant preset speed along a prepared track. Two short strong pieces

*continued*



To Dr. J, security is  
just a drop in the bucket.

To over a million others, security is  
a life insurance policy from us.

**SunLife**  
OF CANADA

U.S. SUBSIDIARIES: SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA (U.S.), SUN LIFE EQUITY SERVICES COMPANY  
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# These great GM car names offer a new dimension in value.

New car names crop up all the time. And quite often they disappear just as fast.

But when General Motors began redesigning the great cars you see listed here, we knew we had a tradition to uphold.

To provide as much value as we could while still delivering the excitement and styling these names are famous for.

Now, several years and over a billion dollars later, we think we accomplished our goal. And with these handsome new cars selling by the hundreds of thousands, you seem to think so, too.

What kind of value can you look for? First, there's value in our durable new construction. Extensive corrosion-resisting treatments will help these cars keep their good looks.

Second, while these cars are trimmer outside than last year, they offer traditional head room, leg room and

rear-seat knee room. There's also more efficient use of trunk space this year.

Third, as a group these all-new 1978 models show an impressive 34% fuel-economy improvement over 1975 models, based on EPA figures. And that's the kind of value you can easily appreciate.

Finally, there's resale value. And while it's impossible to predict what these cars will bring in years to come, we believe that in engineering, styling, roominess and efficiency, these cars are designed to offer resale value people traditionally look for in General Motors cars.

So, look. If you want value in your next car, you owe it to yourself to test-drive some of the most popular names in automotive history.

You'll also be following the lead of so many people who think they're the way to go for '78.



## No wonder they're selling by the hundreds of thousands.

of rope are attached to the cable, and the jumper hangs on to these, one in each hand. When the hill is ready, a green light appears next to his boots, where he then touches a small lever which starts the engine. At a certain point he has to let go, so he has time to get set for the takeoff. The rest of the hill, landing area and outrun, are as usual."

Quick, everyone, back to the towers!

#### QUESTIONS OF ABUSE

Last week's opening session of congressional hearings into the NCAA's enforcement operations produced enough sparks to make headlines and raised enough questions of abuse to make the hearings well worth monitoring in the weeks to come. The most lurid testimony came from Brent Clark, the defector from the NCAA enforcement staff who popped up on the staff of the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations as its "star witness" just weeks before the hearings got under way (SI, Feb. 27). He testified that NCAA investigators used "bribery" to get information and that one investigator dropped a case when provided with a woman. His memory of these titillating events was vigorously discounted by those named, and by NCAA Executive Director Walter Byers. Moreover, Clark's testimony on "selective enforcement," a term he has used to describe Byers' alleged protection of certain schools as "untouchable," was weak.

Not so easily dismissed, however, was testimony about Michigan State and Mississippi State, schools which had been recently penalized for NCAA violations. Witnesses condemned the manner by which the NCAA obtains evidence (by hook or crook, was the general theme) and the way evidence is evaluated and penalties rendered.

Defensive Tackle Larry Gillard of Mississippi State testified that the NCAA took away three years of his eligibility (he got two years back as a result of an appeal to the NCAA and the third year under a court order) because he had received a 20% discount on two pairs of pants and two shirts from a local clothing store. The NCAA prohibits such discounts specifically for athletes, but the penalty was imposed even though the proprietor testified that all students got the same discount that Gillard did.

The most impressive witness was Dr. Clifton Wharton Jr., former president of Michigan State and the new chancellor

of the State University of New York, who, though defending the need for effective police work, decried the "Catch 22" nature of a process that allows for "hearsay evidence" and presumes guilt. He testified that in contrast to the NCAA's stated aim for cooperative enforcement, the NCAA staff has a "hostile attitude" when a school that is under investigation asks to see the evidence against it. The process, Wharton said, was indicted by its own complexity. "When you need a book of more than 280 [actually 241] pages to tell you how to conduct intercollegiate athletics," he said, "you are no longer talking about sport."

#### CHIP OFF THE OLD TREE

A golf driving range near Mount Clemens, Mich. has heated two tees so that golf nuts can whack balls in the snow all winter long. It's called Iceberg's Golf Range, and it is owned and operated by a man named Chip Iceberg. Come now, is his name really Chip Iceberg? As a matter of fact, no. His name is Roy Iceberg. Chip is his nickname.

#### MEISTERZINGERS

Stimulated by our recent interest in writers and the sports that their names suggest (such as Jonathan Swift and track—SCORECARD, Dec. 12 and Jan. 16), Luther Lee of New York City points out that a number of operas have sporting themes. There are *Traits*, which is about an NHL team with a 0-0-80 record; *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, which is not about the wife of the oldtime Brooklyn manager who is always on the road, but concerns instead the adventures of a young woman in track and field; *Der Rosenkavalier*, the story of a Cleveland basketball player who to his intense embarrassment fouls out of an important game at a critical moment; *Die Walküre*, an epic about an Olympic event; *Die Zauberflöte*, the Rose Bowl Parade; and *The Salar of Beekman Street*, in which Archie Manning visits Greenwich Village. Baseball has the most operas. There are *Cosi Fan Tutte*, based on a dramatic incident in the World Series; *Il Trovatore*, or the Mets find a manager; and *Manon Lescaut*, the saga of hyped-up rooters who cheer their team to victory.

#### ORFLATEDO

Those long-distance field-goal kickers in the Southwest Conference (SI, Nov. 7,

1977) won't get a bout out of a change made by the NCAA Football Rules Committee. Starting this fall the colleges must use the pro rule: the ball returns to the line of scrimmage after a missed field goal beyond the 20-yard line. Moreover, Dave Nelson, the committee secretary, says, "We won't allow kickers to use their 'pet' bulls. They'll have to kick with a new ball, not those pumpkins they've been sneaking on the field."

#### FITTING THE CRIME

Angered by a referee's call in the Tennessee-Kentucky football game last fall, Robert J. Painter, 22, threw a bottle toward the field from the upper deck of Kentucky's Commonwealth Stadium. The bottle struck a woman in the stands below, and she suffered a cut that required six stitches. Painter was arrested and charged with wanton endangerment. He pleaded guilty, and a fortnight ago Judge James E. Keller sentenced him to a year in jail and a \$250 fine. Judge Keller then waived the fine and granted probation from jail with the following conditions. Painter must pay the victim's medical expenses, and he must not attend a sporting event of any kind in or out of Kentucky for two years. However, Painter will go back to Commonwealth Stadium for the next two seasons. He will be in detention while the games are being played and afterward will help clean up the stadium.

#### ALTER EGO

Carole Morse, director of the Spouse Abuse Center in Louisville, was livid when she saw one of the billboards. In big letters it said BEAT YOUR WIFE, and then in smaller letters GO BOWLING. She complained to the Bowling Proprietors Association about this kind of promotional advertising. No problem. A sign painter will touch up each billboard, covering over "wife" and substituting "husband."

Although some people insist that husbands are spouses, too, apparently they aren't as well organized.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Monte Towe, former Denver Nugget guard, making his debut as a TV color man for his old basketball team's games, after being told by broadcasting partner Al Albert that he was now seeing the game from a whole new perspective. "Actually, Al, we're only a few feet away from where I was sitting last year." **END**

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# CALUMET COLORS FLY AGAIN

*Alydar became the early Kentucky Derby favorite with a fast Flamingo win* **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

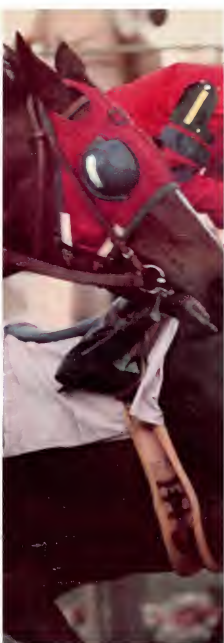
**T**he move was quick and awesome. Alydar, with Jockey Jorge Velasquez showing patience and confidence, was gliding along in sixth place, free of trouble and not very far from the horses in front of him. Then, with a little more than half a mile remaining in the 49th running of Hialeah's Flamingo Stakes, he took off. By the time the field reached the top of the stretch Alydar had put them all away. Sailing along to win by 4½ lengths, he established himself as a strong favorite for the Kentucky Derby—and also as one of the best horses Calumet Farm has ever owned.

Alydar runs well from behind, and his best moves normally are made in the final furlong. Sometimes his late rushes work and he looks like a champion. Other times he makes his run too late and just fails to get up at the wire. Last year when he was beaten that way people wondered if he was a good horse or just another runner afflicted with what racetrackers call "seconditis."

The Flamingo usually provides the Derby with not only its betting favorite, but also often with the winner. It is a race seldom won cheaply, and horses normally don't run off by themselves. Alydar's winning margin last Saturday was impressive in comparison with even the best previous Flamingo winners. Seattle Slew won the 1977 Flamingo by four lengths, and in the last 28 years only Never Bend, Hold Your Peace and Honest Pleasure won by bigger margins than Alydar. In the 48 previous runnings of the Flamingo, only Honest Pleasure's 1:46½ was better than

*continued*

*Wearing the devil's red and blue, Alydar (1) had a better start than usual, waited for his moment and was a winner by 4½ lengths.*





Alydar's and Bold Ruler's 1-47 for the 1½ miles.

For two weeks the race had been building up as a match between Alydar and Believe It, with the other six starters in secondary roles. As 2-year-olds, Believe It and Alydar had met three times, with Alydar winning twice. Believe It's victory came in the Remsen Stakes at the close of the season. Each had started once this year at Hialeah and won a seven-furlong race in exactly the same time. People who saw both races felt that Believe It's win was more impressive because Alydar had run as usual, dawdling until he felt the time was right and then coming on to win.

In recent years 3-year-old racing has been dominated by horses that run in front and stretch out their victories. Seattle Slew was a perfect example, as were Foolish Pleasure, Honest Pleasure and Bold Forbes. Alydar and his come-from-behind style are more reminiscent of Needles and Carry Back, two former Flamingo winners. If not as dramatic as Silky Sullivan.

Last week, those who had watched Alydar suddenly found themselves looking at a new horse. Before the Flamingo, the Calumet colt had appeared half asleep each time the gate opened. "He just doesn't seem to break well," Trainer John Veitch said, "but it isn't the kind of a flaw that you worry about. We haven't spent a great deal of time trying to correct it. It's his style, but not a style that should continue. Alydar doesn't look

like a big horse, but he is. He's a perfect athlete—compact and with all the things in the right places."

Alydar was extremely nervous as he approached the starting gate for the Flamingo, and three assistant starters had to help load him. But in contrast to his previous 11 starts, Alydar got away from the gate in good style and then settled back to sixth place, letting the speed take over the track. At no time did he throw his head around as he has done so often.

Slap Jack led with quick fractions, and Believe It was never far away. With more than a quarter of a mile remaining, Believe It and Alydar hooked up for an instant, but just an instant as Alydar went by Believe It so quickly that Believe It looked like a horse painted on the rail.

Hialeah drew its biggest Flamingo crowd in nine years to see the matchup, and the 28,019 bet nearly \$430,000, but they bet very carefully. Alydar went off as the 9-to-10 favorite, and Believe It was bet down to 11 to 10. The rest of the field was given little chance, with third choice Junction going off at 8 to 1 and the long shot, Noon Time Spender, priced at 59 to 1.

Before the race Veitch was asked to size up his competition. "Believe It is the horse to beat," he said, "and I think we can beat him. Alydar can run the last eighth of a mile in 11 seconds, and there aren't too many around that can do that. If any horse can run the last eighth faster than Alydar, then the other horse should win. I've felt all along that Aly-

dar is a better horse than Believe It, and now we'll find out if I'm right. Last year Alydar was the second-best 2-year-old to Affirmed. Between the end of a 2-year-old season and the start of a 3-year-old year, horses can grow quite a bit and mature. I think that has been the case with Alydar. He's grown about an inch and put on some weight. I think a couple of things might happen with him and I hope I'm right about them. As the distances stretch out he should get better. Better and stronger."

Calumet has won eight Kentucky Derbies but the Panamanian Jorge Velasquez none. Year in, year out he ranks among the top race riders in the country in both winners ridden and money won. When it comes to publicity, however, Velasquez gets virtually none. Last Saturday he made up for some of that neglect. Although Hialeah has been operating for 51 years, nobody had ever won five races on a single afternoon's card. Not Arcaro, Hartack or Atkinson. But Velasquez achieved it by winning five consecutive races, which enabled him to take the track's jockey championship by one winner over Jeff Fell.

"Alydar is the champ," Velasquez says. "I've thought so for quite some time. When the distances get longer he'll get better. The Flamingo was an excellent race for him. He got the lead when he wanted to and then started to slow down at the end once he knew things were safe. I had to get after him a bit with the whip, but only a bit. This is my Derby horse. I

*Alydar (left), who had been in sixth place, turned the Flamingo around with a surge at the half-mile mark that gave him the lead at the top of the stretch*





guess this is the one I've waited for, and I've waited for a long time."

When Velasquez brought Alydar to the winner's enclosure in the infield, a huge roar went up from the crowd, and Velasquez, who seldom shows emotion, whirled his whip in great circles above his head. Once, twice, three times. "There have been a lot of wins," he said shortly afterward, "and a lot of stakes wins. But I don't remember any that I liked more than this. There's a special feeling about having a good 3-year-old."

A jockey with Velasquez' talent usually goes where the money is, and in March and April the big money is paid out in California and New York. In 1978, however, Velasquez is going to stay in Florida so that he doesn't get too far away from Alydar, who will start next in the April 1 Florida Derby before moving on to Keeneland for the Blue Grass Stakes and then to Churchill Downs for the Derby.

On the surface, it appeared that Alydar smothered Believe It and that Believe It may not be of Derby caliber, but there seemed to be reasons to throw out this race. Trainer Woody Stephens offered no excuses for Believe It's performance (fourth place behind Noon Time Spender and Dr. Valerif) except to say that it was just too bad to be true. Eddie Maple, Believe It's rider, said, "His race was no good. He got beat too far [5½ lengths]. He did run a little rank early, but I don't think that was the reason for his defeat. He wasn't blowing hard and he wasn't tiring at the end of the race. We did slip a little on the turn for home, with the winner a length off us. But there is no real excuse."

Stephens wants Believe It to run against Alydar again. Unlike Alydar, Believe It's only race this winter had been in a betless exhibition in which he beat only two other horses and won without much competition. Believe It's race in the Flamingo had all the earmarks of a horse running "short"; he appeared to need the outing and should improve off the race.

As for Veitch, he said, "There are two things to be concerned about. The first, of course, is Affirmed. He was voted the champion 2-year-old of last year. He hasn't been able to get to the races yet, but he still was the champion, and I have only the highest regard for him. The second thing is to keep Alydar sound and keep his mind about his business."



Alydar wasn't the only Hialeah horse in the pink

The theory that Affirmed will have to get to the races quickly if he is to be considered a strong hope for Kentucky is discounted by Stephens. "A lot of people think it's getting late in regard to running in the Derby," Believe It's trainer says. "If you go back to last year, though, Seattle Slew's Flamingo wasn't run until March 26. Before that he had only one race, and then only one more after the Flamingo before he started in the Derby. In most cases a trainer doesn't want too many races before the Triple Crown. A horse can't dance every dance. There is a lot of time left for other horses to come out and prove that they are runners. Early March is no time to start to panic."

Among the visitors to the paddock before the Flamingo was Jimmy Jones, the former Calumet trainer who retired 14 years ago. As he watched Alydar and stablemate Hugabone Tom, who was to finish last in the race, being paraded in the walking ring, Jones moved in close. "It's a remarkable thing to see Calumet Farm run an entry in a big stake again," he said. "During the big days of Calumet we always somehow got lucky and could throw a good two-horse entry in the big races. Citation and Coaltown were the most famous, but we had others. One year [1957] we sent both Gen. Duke and Iron Liege to the Derby and Gen. Duke was injured the day before the race. I thought Gen. Duke was one of the best

horses Calumet ever had, but he never got to run in the Derby. We won the thing with Iron Liege, and he beat good horses like Bold Ruler, Gallant Fox and Round Table. Calumet Farm coming back with a Derby candidate after all these years is just delightful."

After the Flamingo, John Veitch excused himself from a knot of reporters and placed a phone call to Admiral and Mrs. Gene Markey, Calumet's owners, who named their colt Alydar because Lucille Markey called her friend Aly Khan Aly, darling. Admiral Markey answered the phone. "Did you see the race on television, sir?" Veitch asked. "Good. Congratulations, sir. He ran a fine race and he's about where we want him to be at this stage of things. Thank you, sir. Yes, I'm quite happy. I just hope we can stay lucky for a little longer."

Late last week the nominations for the Kentucky Derby were closed and they numbered 319—the largest entry list in the history of the race. But Alydar's performance in the Flamingo has scared a lot of owners out of running their horses against him. The Derby now has an early favorite and, as so often in the past, he comes from Calumet Farm. Citation would like that.

END

John Velasquez finally has his Derby mount



## A FORGOTTEN TEAM GETS ONE TO REMEMBER

*After a decade in obscurity, Duke gained the spotlight in the ACC tournament with a young squad that may one day become memorable* **by KENT HANNON**

Duke. Now there's a proud but forgotten name. It used to stand for excellence in college basketball the way the letters UCLA do today. The Blue Devils made it to the final four of the NCAA tournament three times and finished in



the Top 20 every year but one during Coach Vic Bubas' regime in Durham, N.C. (1960-69). But Duke's basketball program went downhill quickly under the militaristic rule of Bubas' successor, Bucky Waters, who resigned under pres-

sure in 1973. Until last week, in fact, it looked as though the Blue Devils might go oh-for-the-'70s when it came to participating in NCAA action.

Then last Saturday afternoon in Greensboro, N.C. a rejuvenated Duke—with three starters scoring 20 points or more—beat Wake Forest 85-77 to give the Blue Devils their first ACC tournament championship since 1966. The victory means that for the first time since the era of All-Americans Jack Marin and Bob Verga, Duke will play in the NCAA; it meets Rhode Island in a first-round game at Charlotte this Sunday.

The 1978 ACC tournament could have been billed as the Return from the Ashes Classic, because Wake Forest's 82-77 upset of top-seeded North Carolina in the semis meant that there would not be a player in the finals who had ever won so much as an ACC tournament game before last week.

"I never packed more than a white handkerchief my first three years at Duke because we lost our first game in the ACC every time," said Coach Bill Foster, who has carefully assembled a young team which, though not a serious threat to win this year's national title, could easily be next year's preseason favorite. "But this time my suitcase was full."

Full of talent is what Foster forgot to add. Duke is loaded, and will be for seasons to come. Junior Jim Spanarkel, a 6' 5" guard who won the ACC Rookie of the Year award in 1975-76, scored 20 points against Wake Forest and earned the tournament's Most Valuable Player trophy. The only quibble with that choice was that two of Spanarkel's teammates played even better than he did during the tournament. Sophomore Mike Gminski, a 6' 11", 245-pound center who was last season's co-Rookie of the Year, had 25 points in the final and pulled down 16 rebounds to help erase a 42-37 Wake Forest lead at halftime. See any pattern developing here? Well, freshman Gene Banks, a muscular 6' 7" forward who played second fiddle to Maryland's Albert King in last year's high school star wars, poured in 22 points in the championship game, wowed the sellout crowds all week long and is considered a sho-

in to be named this season's top ACC rookie.

All three of them deserve any honors they can get, because they have been the leaders of Duke's resurgence. Spanarkel, the team captain from Jersey City, N.J., is a daring driver who went to the free-throw line 22 times in each of two games this season. Gminski is an intimidating shot blocker and a classroom giant who graduated from Monroe, Conn. high school in three years and was the only player to whom Foster offered a scholarship in 1976. Banks, the irrepressible Philadelphia, withstood a last-ditch snow job by Notre Dame and enrolled at Duke because, as he puts it, "There were people here with realism."

Rounding out the starting five are Kenny Denard, a 6' 7" freshman who could be called the team's enforcer if he weren't so talented in other areas, and sophomore John Harrell, a walk-on from a small, predominantly black college right in Durham—North Carolina Central—who, although he has raced the ball up the floor all year, has committed only 32 turnovers in 29 games.

Wake Forest got solid production from senior Forwards Rod Griffin and Leroy McDonald, who combined for 47 points and 21 rebounds on Saturday but had trouble containing Spanarkel, who broke loose for seven layups. And there was no stopping Gminski and Banks once they got rolling the second half. "I thought I knew a secret—that we were going to win the ACC championship," said Wake's outstanding sophomore guard, Frank Johnson, who had a cold 6-for-16 shooting game. "Unfortunately, it didn't come true."

Judging from the talk in Greensboro, this year's tournament figured to be "one of the most exciting in history"—which is what folks around the ACC generally say at this time every year. But the ingredients were there. Each of the seven conference teams came in with a winning record (the average was 19-8), and all but Clemson had been ranked by the wire services in the Top 20 at one time or another before or during the season. Hopes ran high for a repeat of the 1975 tournament, when the six games were decided by a total of 20 points, or of the '76 event, when Virginia upset three Top 20 teams—North Carolina State, Mary-

*continued*



Mike Gminski, the biggest (6' 11") and brightest Blue Devil, looked high school in three years.

land and North Carolina—in three nights to win the championship. As a fillip to this year's festivities, nearly every team in the league had a remarkable freshman to show off, most notably Banks, King and Virginia's Jeff Lamp. And for the first time a nationwide TV audience would be watching the finals.

But several things conspired against the tournament being as good as ACC fans had hoped. For one thing, a 30-point performance by Carolina's wondrous Phil Ford was wasted in the Tar Heels' loss to Wake Forest, and he was back home on Saturday when the finals were being played. The weather also took a lot of the pizzazz out of the tournament. A storm dumped three inches of snow on Greensboro, canceling the pregame tailgate parties that contribute mightily to the frenzy of an ACC tournament crowd. The cold made it impractical for partisans to show up in the *Lee's Make A Deal*-style costumes that have become fashionable in recent years. Then, too, the ACC's postseason competition is no longer much of a novelty. Ten other conferences now go through this kind of business, and there is still another catch. Because of the expanded, 32-team NCAA field, the regular-season ACC

champion—which once had to face the possibility of being eliminated from the NCAAAs by some lesser fight in its own conference—now is virtually guaranteed a spot win or lose. Thus, North Carolina's loss to Wake Forest was not a killing blow. The Tar Heels were made an NCAA at-large selection and will meet San Francisco in Tempe, Ariz. on Saturday.

From the beginning of the season the Tar Heels' lofty rankings—the Associated Press, for example, picked them No. 1—seemed far-fetched, even though they went on to achieve a 23-7 record. Three starters from last year's NCAA runner-up team had gone off to the NBA, and except for another splendid ACC freshman, Al Wood, less talented players had moved up to take their places. Even though North Carolina had won the regular-season ACC championship by beating Duke 87-83 in a thrilling game at Chapel Hill the previous Saturday, the Heels were not a clear tournament favorite. And they were plagued by the same injury bugaboo that hit them in postseason play a year ago. For the second season in a row Coach Dean Smith's starting center watched the tournament from the end of the bench on crutches.

Last year it was Tom LaGarde who had undergone knee surgery; this time it was sophomore Rich Yonakor. To make matters worse, star Forward Mike O'Koren was playing with a swollen ankle. Said Smith, "He's only at 80% capacity, but at that, he's better than most."

Smith was being somewhat optimistic, because compared to O'Koren's regular-season averages of 17.8 points and 6.9 rebounds, his woeful performance against the Deacons—10 points, three rebounds and five personal fouls—put him at about 55% of capacity.

That left center stage for Ford, who in seven previous ACC tournament games had averaged 22.7 points and had pumped in a career-high 34 in the big victory over Duke. Even another 34 wouldn't have been enough against Wake. Griffin (18 points and 12 rebounds) and McDonald (21 points) ripped the defenseless Tar Heels underneath, and Coach Carl Tacy left the floor with his fourth victory over Smith in their last six meetings.

This made things easier for Duke. The Blue Devils, 20-6 during the season, opened the tournament Wednesday afternoon with an 83-72 decision over Clemson. Denaard, who the week before, in an effort to improve his 9.6 scoring average, had taught himself to shoot the ball from in front of his face instead of over his head, hit 10 of 14 shots and finished with 22 points. But it was Banks who turned in the game's—and the tournament's—most dazzling play when he made a one-hand grab of a lob pass, cupped it for a split second, just as his Philly pal George McGinnis would have done, and then guided the ball into the basket. All in defiance of gravity.

Wednesday evening's first game, pitting Maryland against N.C. State, was a bummer. The two teams plowed through three overtimes and somehow made it so unexciting that Banks and his teammates got up from their seats and sauntered off to bed between the first and second overtimes, though the winner would be their semifinal opponent the next day. What they missed was a 109-108 Maryland upset and some delayed theatrics by King, who scored 14 of his 21 points during the overtimes. It was King's two free throws with nine seconds left that finally decided a game in



*Banks, like his teammates Spanerkei and Grouski, is certain to be an ACC Rookie of the Year.*



Against Wake, Sparnirkef cannot even hope

PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNY MULLAN

by saying, "They said it would be snowing in Greensboro before Foster would have a team in the ACC finals. . . . Well, I apologize for the weather." But neither he nor Tacy was eager to offer a scouting report on his opponent or to critique the season series between the two teams. Duke held the edge 2-1, having beaten the Deacons 97-84 in the Big Four tournament at the Greensboro Coliseum when five Blue Devils were in double figures and then in Durham, 81-72, as Gminski, Banks and Sparnirkef scored 21, 21 and 19. Wake Forest's 79-60 victory had been facilitated by the fact that Gminski was sitting on the bench in a ski sweater, suffering from a sprained toe. "With Gminski, Duke might be—probably is—the best team in the ACC," Tacy had said after that game.

Tacy's suspicions turned out to be all too true. While Gminski played tight and rushed his shots in the first half of the title game, Wake Forest looked like a winner. But Gminski was to end up as the tournament's second-leading scorer with 59 points (McDonald had 61), despite first-half totals of six, two and seven points. And when the second half began, he and Banks roared into high gear.

With their team still trailing by five points after an initial exchange of baskets, Gminski had a four-point flurry and Banks put in a couple of acrobatic 18-footers that set off a 17½-minute explosion by the Blue Devil frontcourt men during which they scored 32 of their team's 40 points. Gminski knocked one in off the glass and Banks made a pair of free throws and took a pass from Gminski for a layup. Banks got a lefty tip-in. Gminski converted two free throws. Banks fed Gminski for an easy basket. . . . And so on, until they had given Duke an all but insurmountable 79-69 lead. During the surge Banks and Gminski outscored Wake Forest's entire team by seven points.

The Deacons were also unable to cope with the Blue Devils' one-man zone, which had Gminski roaming the middle while his teammates were in what amounted to man-to-man. Against that configuration Wake never scored two baskets in a row during the first 14 minutes of the second half.

In the postgame hysteria nearly everybody in Duke's blue-and-white colors got

a ride on the shoulders of the jubilant crowd. Foster came down long enough to accept his trophy and to express his disbelief at the events that had taken place. "What a difference a year makes," he said. "These guys have taken us from the ACC cellar to the penthouse."

Added Gminski: "I talked to a couple of Duke's All-Americans, Jack Marm and Jeff Mullins, and they told me what it used to be like here. I just hope this means that Duke fans will be able to look back on the 1970s the way they look at the '60s."

With 14 seconds remaining, as Banks was about to make the last of Duke's 85 points, he did a Belly (White Shoes) Johnson dance at the free-throw line. He had to keep stepping lively to get to his locker, because he drew by far the biggest crowd of reporters in the dressing room—probably because, Gminski's statistics aside, those who had closely watched the tournament felt that Banks was really the MVP on this most egalitarian team. When a writer asked, "What are your thoughts on winning such a great tournament?" Philly Gene fired right back, "You mean the NCAA?"

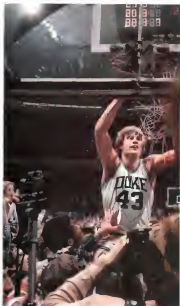
Which is to say that Duke is on the verge of becoming Duke once more. **END**

which there had been 55 turnovers and 23 time-outs.

The ordeal took its toll when Maryland met Duke on Thursday night. King was in pain because of back spasms and appeared for only a few minutes. Center Larry Gibson, who had played all 55 minutes while scoring 27 points against the Wolfpack, went 2 for 14 from the floor. This, along with double-figure scoring by all the Blue Devil starters, produced an 81-69 Duke victory.

In Wednesday night's other first-round game, Wake warmed up for its encounter with North Carolina by clobbering Virginia 72-61. The Deacons exploded to a 20-5 lead and permitted the Cavaliers only three first-half baskets. Lamp, one of the league's leading scorers, never did get untracked and hit just one of eight shots from the floor. It was well after midnight when the game ended, but outside the arena scalpers were still at work, getting as much as \$80 for a ticket to the finals. As the fans filed out of Greensboro Coliseum one man held up a sign that read: NEED SATURDAY TICKET, WILL ROOT FOR YOUR TEAM.

Duke's Foster broke up an awkward silence in Friday's off-day press conference



Gminski did the honors at Duke won its first ACC tournament since the glory years of Vic Bubba

## Y'ALL COME ON DOWN NOW, Y' HEAH

*Bill Veeck's Chicago White Sox have given Southern hospitality a new meaning by asking a rent-a-star and a horde of lesser lights to train with them in Florida*

by LARRY KEITH



*Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.*

—FROM AN INSCRIPTION ON THE  
STATUE OF LIBERTY

Even in the best of times, Bill Veeck has only one leg to stand on. Veeck is the president of the Chicago White Sox, a team of modest means in a sport where huge player salaries have become a gross natural product of the free-agent system. But as baseball's spring-training camps opened in Florida, California and Arizona last week, it was obvious that Veeck, ever the wily innovator, had a system of his own. He had flung wide the gates to the major leagues and invited anyone who seemed vaguely qualified to enter.

Veeck's strategy is actually an expanded version of the tactics he used in 1977 when Chicago spent 56 days in first place, won 90 games (its most since 1965) and finished a strong third after coming in last the season before. In the process, the White Sox also set a team attendance record of 1.6 million, which nearly equaled the total of the previous two seasons. The gate receipts wiped out the club's debt, covered 1977 expenses and left a little extra to prime the pump for 1978.

This good fortune came about because Veeck rebuilt the White Sox through shrewd trades (Reliever Clay Carroll for last season's bullpen ace, Lerrin LaGrow, for example), inexpensive but risky free-agent acquisitions (sore-kneed Third Baseman Eric Soderholm, who hit .280, and sore-armed Pitcher Steve Stone, who was 15-12) and a "rent-a-star" gambit that brought Outfielders Richie Zisk and Oscar Gamble, who were playing out their options, to Chicago for one glorious season before they signed big-money contracts with other clubs.

In preparation for this year, Veeck not only made the same kinds of moves as in '77, but he also increased the player population at the Sox spring training complex in Sarasota, Fla. to a crowded 59. Forty to 45 is the usual complement, but the White Sox now have enough bodies around to keep the four diamonds and two batting cages at Allyn Field busy, while another group plays an exhibition game at Payne Park. Never have names on the backs of uniforms

*With 59 players in the White Sox' camp, Veeck has gotten one leg up on the free-agent system.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER KOSS JR.

been more appreciated by fans and journalists, for what unfamiliar names they are: LEBER, CAMARGO, MOLINARO, PROLY. Twenty-five of the players were in different organizations last season and four were in a different country, Mexico. Pity poor Manager Bob Lemon, who threw up his hands in exasperation last week and said, "We've got so damn many players here I can't even think of all their names. I'm climbing the walls at night trying to remember what everybody's doing. The last time I saw this many players was when four minor league teams trained together."

Two newcomers Lemon has no trouble recognizing were Bobby Bonds and Ron Blomberg, whom the White Sox are hoping—indeed, expecting—to supply the 61 home runs and 184 RBIs that Zisk and Gamble provided last year. But unless Bonds gets the five-year contract he wants from Veeck (which seems unlikely), he could be this year's rent-a-star. And though Blomberg has signed (for four years at \$600,000), he seems an even bigger risk than Soderholm was, because shoulder and knee injuries have limited him to only 35 games in his last three seasons with the Yankees.

Blomberg is only one of 15 players the Sox took from last year's free-agent pool. While other teams quit after six or seven

*Bobby Bonds may be another one-season Chicago wanderer unless the Sox fork over \$2 million*

draft choices, Roland Hemond, the Sox director of player personnel, droned on and on. When he finally passed in the 37th round, the other club executives applauded vigorously. Among the Chicago signees, only former Atlanta Third Baseman Junior Moore and ex-Minnesota Pitcher Ron Schuler were active major-leaguers in '77. The White Sox quite clearly preferred experimental but inexpensive quantity to established but high-priced quality.

Veeck believes the last hurrah will be his if only three or four of the draftees turn out to be players of big league ability. "If you're not rolling in dough, you have two choices in baseball today," he says. "You either give up and say you can't compete, or you try to figure out a way to compete without money. We had the additional problem of not being able to get help from our farm system (which was allowed to go to seed in the years before Veeck bought the Sox in 1976). So what we did was go after players other clubs didn't want and then promise those players they'd get a fair chance to show what they could do. We're treating everyone the same. Everyone has his name on the back of his uniform,"

continued



*Veeck's \$600,000 baby, Ron Blomberg, is striving to get back in condition after injuries kept him out of all but 35 games in his last three years as a Yankee*



and you'd be surprised how much that means to some of them. Now we have a lot of chances for success at less cost than it takes to buy just one high-priced free agent. We'll be a better club this year, no question. And those players who don't make it will help us rebuild our farm system."

The large number of unknowns in Sarasota has forced the Sox to modify the usual regimen. Twenty-eight players were invited to an early-bird camp that began on Feb. 14, and now that all 59 are in town Vecek is trying to keep everyone busy with intrasquad games, games against college teams and an expanded exhibition schedule. "We'll play anybody who drives by," he says, "including Bingo Long and the Bad News Bears." When it looked as if rain might bring a halt to workouts shortly after the early drills began, the White Sox made inquiries about practicing in the Astrodome, the Superdome, Puerto Rico, Mexico and Cuba. As it was, they spent two days indoors in St. Petersburg before the rain stopped.

Chicago's extended spring training has not only given the new men a chance to show off their skills, but it has also helped in the rehabilitation of several injured players, like Blomberg. Shortstop Kevin Bell and Pitchers Mike Pazzik and Bruce Dal Canton, who is attempting a comeback from an arm injury in 1977 "Maybe it's because of my physical condition," says the one-legged Vecek "but the lame, the halt and the blind seem to gravitate to us."

Fortunately, Bonds arrived in camp without any physical problems, although a few weeks ago he was nabbed by River-

side, Calif. cops for allegedly driving while drunk. In fact, a month of working out with some of the Giants at Candlestick Park has sharpened his batting eye. "I've never done that before," he says, "but I just felt like I wanted to hit." There may lie the secret to the success of the rent-a-star system. Vecek thinks—and the fence-busting performances of Zisk and Gamble last season would seem to prove him right—that an accomplished player in the final year of his contract will want to hit and field and run more vigorously than ever, because he knows he will be rewarded with big bucks and other long-term goodies when he signs his new contract.

Bonds' biggest difficulty in Sarasota was adjusting to his new uniform. He has played with three other teams the last four years, but neither San Francisco, New York nor California had anything like the loose-fitting, wide-collared ensemble that the White Sox wear. "I'll give it one thing, it's different," he says, "but I hope none of my friends come to see me in it."

Bonds is worth watching no matter what he wears. Excluding the 1976 season, when he injured his right hand and missed 63 games, he has averaged 31 home runs, 90 RBIs and 40 stolen bases in eight complete seasons. He has also won three Gold Gloves. In fact, it was Bonds' defensive excellence that prompted several Chicago pitchers to thank Vecek after the trade (Bonds, Pitcher Dick Dason and Outfielder Thad Bosley for Catcher Brian Downing and Pitchers Chris Knapp and Dave Frost) in December. Committing 159 errors, the Sox were

12th in the league in fielding in 1977. Another asset Bonds will bring to Chicago is speed; his 41 steals last season were one less than the White Sox team total.

Bonds was accompanied to Florida by his agent-lawyer, Rod Wright. "I'd like to be able to sign a long-term contract so I won't have to move around anymore," Bonds says. Vecek will probably be unwilling to pay Bonds' price—\$2 million—but Vecek did score some points that may pay off when negotiations begin by giving Bonds a good-faith raise over the \$178,000 he made last season instead of cutting him the 20% an owner is allowed to dock an unsigned player. "If he had cut me, I wouldn't have reported," Bonds says. "I'm glad he didn't do that. DeMaggio and Mays both spoke very highly of him, and from what I've seen so far, I'd have to agree."

Once the season begins, Bonds will concentrate on baseball and his four favorite soap operas and leave the negotiations to his agent. "He knows what I want, and I don't want him to call me unless it's time for me to sign," Bonds says.

Although Blomberg has signed, no one can guess how much he will return on the dollar. Because of injuries, he did not play last year and appeared in only one game in 1976 and 34 in 1975, when he and Bonds were teammates with the Yankees. He built his \$600,000 reputation by batting better than .300 in 1971, '73 and '74, but his speed, power and defense are average, if that. Only six teams even drafted the 29-year-old outfielder-first baseman, and Blomberg says he accepted the White Sox offer "because of Vecek's sincerity."

As Blomberg worked out last week it was obvious he was not fully recovered from the knee surgery he underwent last April. He limped when he ran, and his timing was off at the plate. "The others are ahead of me now, but I think I'll be ready," he says. "If I wasn't hurt, there aren't many who could outdo me. The only thing I want is an injury-free year."

Blomberg might have it if he follows the example—and advice—of Soderholm, who recovered from a knee injury to win the 1977 Comeback Player of the Year Award. Soderholm, who has a book coming out in August entitled *Conditioning for Baseball*, believes Blomberg should be pushing himself harder. "I want to get you on those Nautilus machines," Soderholm told him during a downpour that forced cancellation of last

*continued*

To show every player that he has a shot with the Sox, Chicago has sewn a name on every uniform





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Friday's practice. "I'm going to work your tail off. If you're going to lead us to the pennant, you've got to be in shape."

While Blomberg labors to get in condition, others in Sarasota are working to gain a spot on the 25-man major league roster. Competition is fierce, making the White Sox camp one of the busiest enterprises in Florida. Twenty-six pitchers are seeking to fill nine or 10 jobs, and 22 of them have major league experience. One is former Cub Reliever Ken Frailing, who lives in Sarasota and dropped by the Sox camp, though he had not pitched in two seasons. "I told him to come on in," says Veeck. "One more didn't matter."

Among the other players, seven batted .300 or better in the minors last year. "The competition is bringing out the best in everybody," says Cleo Smith, a candidate for an outfield spot. "Guys are walking around with positive attitudes because they think they've got a shot."

A shot is what all of them always wanted, but not all of them got. "Sometimes a player gets lost inside an organization," Veeck explains, "but even I'm surprised by some of the players we have here. Their minor league records are very impressive." Among the hopefuls are infielder Mike Eden, who has hit better than .300 in five of six minor league seasons but got only eight at bats in the majors with Atlanta; Outfielder Henry Cruz, who was waived by Los Angeles last season after batting .353 at Albuquerque; and First Baseman Frank Ortenzio, who was sold to the White Sox by Montreal despite hitting .311, with 40 homers and 126 runs driven in, at Denver.

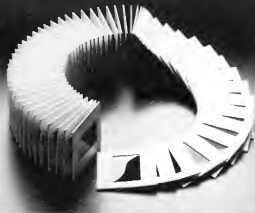
The man the players want to impress most, Lemon, was not about to make any firm judgments last week. "You can't fall in love on the basis of batting practice," he said. "The jobs don't really go on the line until the exhibition schedule starts on March 10. You can't convince me by what you do in an intrasquad game."

The biggest test of all does not come until Opening Day on April 7. That is when Veeck will start to find out just how well his innovations have worked. "Two years ago we were just looking to put a team on the field," he says, "and then last season we proved we could be competitive. Now you hope that some strange discovery, some piece of luck, can take us from third to first."

For Veeck, strange discoveries are a regular part of the game.

END

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The night seemed endless and empty in Des Moines, Iowa, and for Leon Spinks it offered no answers. Prowling through his dingy lit hotel suite, he paused at a window and peered out at the blackness. But his search was inward; he was looking for himself. A few days earlier, he had enjoyed little celebrity. Although he had won a gold medal in the 1976 Olympics and was undefeated in seven professional fights, if he was recognized in public, and he seldom was, it was mainly because of his black gunfighter's hat and his picket-fence smile. And

never done before. My generation of people stayed in trouble all the time. I wanted the name of Spinks to mean something besides dirt."

While Leon Spinks, who is now 24, was growing up in the meanest of ghettos in St. Louis, a bouncy, chatty teen-ager named Butch Lewis was emerging from an upper-middle-class environment in New Jersey. He settled into a comfortable, if unexciting, career as a used-car salesman. One day the paths of the two men would cross, and at that improb-

a monthly welfare check of \$135. Dieters were corn bread and government-surplus peanut butter. The meals were followed by hours of reading the Bible.

"All the time Mama was reading *The Book* to us," Spinks says. "Before I left home she had read *The Book* to us twice. I have to admit that at first we didn't listen. But then we began to hear what she was reading. There are still a lot of passages that I can quote. I learned them because I believed them. I'm religious because I believe in God. God leads my future. He gave me my title, and tomorrow He can take it back. God makes you suffer, but He makes you suffer for a very good reason. Whatever happens to me, it is God's will."

Spinks' brother Michael, now 21 and an unbeaten light heavyweight with seven victories, remembers how they suffered on the streets of Pruitt-Igou. "There was one gang that just hung around our house waiting for us to come," says Michael. He is taller than his brother, but not as muscular through the upper body. "They'd always jump on Leon because he was the oldest. They'd call him ugly. They were trying to rob him, take his money. What little there was. He'd fight back, but there were always too many of them. I'd be on the side throwing my little stones, but it didn't do no good. Sometimes they'd beat me up, too. Then we'd both go home with our clothes tore off."

"Sometimes I'd fight back," Leon says. "But when we were younger there were always too many guys fighting us at one time. You can fight one guy, maybe two; but you can't take on a whole gang. I took my lumps. When I got older I'd walk away from a fight on the street. A guy had to hit me twice before I'd fight. I wasn't afraid of being hurt but of what I would do. My mama raised me that way to keep the peace. If I hurt some dude bad, then I'd feel bad. It's no way to live."

"My mama, I love her so deeply I cannot find the words to express it. I want to protect her so much it hurts. She gave so much of herself to us. I want to give back as much as I can. Now when I hear people talk against me, it just makes me try that much harder. I came out of that ghetto to prove to the world that I was

continued

## THE IRON BALL AND THE BIBLE

Leon Spinks may fight like a building-wrecker, but he says his mama and the Good Book come before his heavyweight title by PAT PUTNAM

then, shockingly, thunderously, he had defeated Muhammad Ali to become the heavyweight champion of the world, and he no longer knew who he was.

Turning from the window, he took a deep breath. "People ask, 'Who is Leon Spinks?'" he said. "It is a question I have been asking myself all my life. I didn't know who I was, but I knew I wanted to be somebody. I wanted to do something. I was tired of being a nobody, of having nothing, of having nowhere to go. All my friends were becoming dope pushers, drug addicts. My friends were being killed and they were going to jail. I knew there had to be something better for Leon Spinks. One day when I was 15 I walked out of our building and I heard that a friend of mine had been killed. I heard that another friend of mine had been locked up. I looked around me. I looked at where I lived, and how I lived. Right then I got the strong feeling that I wanted to do something with my life. No, not just wanted. I knew I had to do something with my life that my people had

able intersection would lie the heavyweight championship of the world.

Born two months prematurely, Leon Spinks weighed less than four pounds at birth. Two weeks later he developed yellow jaundice and nearly died. And from that bleak beginning, everything seemed to go downhill.

The Spinkses lived at 2351 Biddle St., on the eighth floor of one of 45 identical 11-story buildings in the Pruitt-Igou Housing Project, an experiment in low-income housing. The experiment failed. Twelve years after it was built the city dynamited the project and blew it into dust.

The neighborhood was an arena of crime and angry passions. The strong ruled the streets; the weak huddled behind locked doors. A sickly child suffering from low blood pressure and fainting spells, Leon was a favorite target of roving street gangs. Deserted by her husband, Mrs. Kay Spinks raised her children—six boys and one girl—largely on



me, Leon Spinks, a success. I want people to love me as Leon Spinks, not as Leon Spinks the heavyweight champion of the world. There is more to me than just plain boxing. I want the world to accept me as myself, as a person, not just as a fighter."

He has no such feelings for his father, who always put him down. And in this case, Leon's feelings are bitterly clear: "I always wanted to show him that I was the man he never was."

But on the street, survival comes before success. A family named Westbrook lived two floors above the Spinkses. "All brothers," says Mike, "a whole gang of them, and all of them big. Nobody messed with them." One afternoon as Leon was walking up the stairs, he met one of the brothers coming down. And as usual, Leon was bloody and torn. He was then 15 years old.

"That's it, Leon," the Westbrook brother said. "I've been watching you get beat up for years. I'm going to the gym. You come with me. If you are going to fight, you might as well learn how."

They went to the Capri gym on 19th and Cole Streets. That night Leon told his mother and Mike that he was taking boxing lessons. After that, when he got home, he'd practice what he had learned that day. He would practice on Mike. "To hell with this," Mike said. "Tomorrow I'll go to the gym with you."

Both brothers were soon entering amateur tournaments. Leon was a winner from the start. Mike was less successful. "That was because Leon was a better fighter than me," says Mike. "He had something I never had. He was always winning. I was always losing. I guess every little kid wants to be like somebody. I wanted to be like Leon. He was very proud of himself. And I was proud of him."

In 1971 Mike retired. He had had it with boxing. "I never got off on violence," he says. "I guess I was a soft-hearted little boy. But after I quit, Leon gave me no peace. He made me start boxing again. Anyway, I was tired of seeing all the trophies he kept bringing home. I wanted some for myself."

Leon dropped out of school after completing the 10th grade. Not much later, in 1973, he enlisted in the Marine Corps.

He was undisciplined and his troubles in boot camp are legendary. More than one drill sergeant fell before his fists. But while Leon won the battles, the Marines won the war. Leon spent six months in boot camp.

Looking back at that phase of his life, Leon still bristles at the thought of drill sergeants, but he does admit that they forced on him a discipline that he sorely needed. "Because I was a wise guy off the street," he says, "it was difficult for me to adjust to somebody telling me what to do and what not to do. So I fought it.

But I learned. I straightened myself out because I learned it was not so bad to live the life of a Marine."

After boot camp Spinks became a member of the All-Marine boxing team. He had 185 bouts as an amateur, winning all but seven, with 133 knockouts. He was national AAU light heavyweight champion three times (1974-76). In 1974 he won a bronze medal at the World Games in Cuba, and the following year won a silver medal at the Pan-American Games. Then came Montreal, the gold medal in the light heavyweight class



*Butch Lewis promoted a fight for the kid with the medal, and then he had to go out and find him*

and his first meeting with Butch Lewis, the used-car salesman.

It was on a fall day in 1966 that the lives of Leon Spinks and Butch Lewis were set on a parallel course. As he drove past the John L. Lewis used-car lot just outside Chester, Pa., heavyweight Joe Frazier spotted a Corvette Sting Ray on display. Frazier, who would become champion in 1970, is a compulsive shopper. A few hours later he had acquired the Corvette. He also had acquired a new friend in Butch Lewis.

Lewis began flying around the world to attend all of Frazier's fights. Never one to keep a low profile, Lewis was mistaken for an American promoter by a group of German boxing enthusiasts. "Being young and brassy, I let them go on thinking that," Lewis says. "Soon we were talking about promoting an Ali fight in Munich. I said, 'Why not? Let's get it on.' And at that very moment, I became a promoter. What the hell, I had a gift of gab, right?"

Lewis took his life savings out of the bank and began chasing Ali, often cornering him, always trying to talk him into fighting in Munich. It became a comic routine on a zigzagging tour of the world.

Ali: "Why you here?"

Lewis: "You know why I'm here."

Herbert Muhammad: "You've got to be crazy. You never even promoted a club fight. Get lost."

Worn down, Ali finally relented. He agreed to fight Richard Dunn in Munich. Lewis joined Bob Arum of Top Rank and co-promoted the fight. Then they promoted the Ali-Inoki boxing-wrestling farce in Tokyo, and the 1976 Ali-Ken Norton fight at Yankee Stadium.

"Every time we went to the post we lost our shirts," Lewis says. "Everybody made money but the promoters."

Like so many other boxing promoters looking for action and pro prospects, Lewis went to the Olympics in Montreal. The night that Leon and Michael won their gold medals, Lewis introduced himself. He also extended an invitation: Would the two brothers like to be his personal guests at the Norton-Ali fight in September? Would they ever? One month later Leon signed a three-year promotional contract with Arum-Lewis. It carried an option for an additional two years.

Signing a promotional contract was one thing; signing a managerial contract

was quite another. While he was still in Montreal, Spinks signed a pact with Midland (Mitt) Barnes of St. Louis, one of the many boxing figures on the scene. The contract has since become a center of controversy. Barnes claims that the contract makes him Spinks' manager for three years with an option for three more. Spinks now asserts that the contract is invalid, that all it does is give Barnes 30% of his fight earnings, for which Barnes does absolutely nothing, according to Spinks.

A blocky, muscular man of 250 pounds, Barnes is an organizer for Teamster Union Local 600 in St. Louis. Eight years ago he was driving a truck and operating a small gym in the basement of the Railroad YMCA Hotel. He says that one day Spinks, then 16, wandered in and asked for a place to train and a place to sleep. Barnes says he gave him both.

"We were living in just three rooms, all us guys," Spinks recalls. "We were sleeping in the sink, on top of the refrigerator, everywhere. I guess I just got tired of it. I felt it would be better if I got out and gave them a little more space."

Spinks stayed with Barnes until he went into the Marines. He did odd jobs around the hotel. Sometimes Barnes gave him pocket money. Two days a week Spinks worked for a Manpower-type organization. It is Barnes' contention that he spent vast sums of money on Spinks.

Spinks was paid \$320,000 for the Ali fight. Barnes received \$96,000, "and I'm still in the hole," he says.

"Look, the dispute is between Spinks and Barnes," says Lewis. "It's got nothing to do with me, and nothing to do with Bob Arum. But I've got to say this: the only time you ever see Mitt Barnes is when he shows up to collect his 30%."

Barnes says that this is indeed true—but only because the Top Rank people are keeping him from seeing Spinks. "I get the feeling that everybody but me is managing him," Barnes says. "They refuse to let me talk to Leon, or let Leon talk to me. They are trying to steal him from me. But the only way they are going to get him is if the Supreme Court says they can have him."

Spinks did not express concern over the Barnes contract until after Michael signed a contract with Top Rank last February. Because he doesn't have a manager, Mike keeps everything he earns. "I guess it started the first time they came in together to get paid," Lewis says.

"Mike got 100% of his money. But when we paid Leon, Barnes' 30% had been deducted. He looked at Mike's pile, and then he looked at his pile, and then he said, 'Why the hell am I giving this guy all my money? He doesn't do anything.'"

There has been daily talk of a pending settlement. Barnes says that he doesn't want one. Top Rank says it hasn't offered one. On Feb. 20, Barnes told the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* that he had been offered \$1.5 million by an attorney for Spinks and Top Rank to buy him out. Later, however, Barnes said he had received many offers, some of them for more than \$1 million, but that none of them had come from Top Rank. The only thing that is certain is that several people want to manage the world heavyweight champion. So does Barnes. "I'll even give back my 30% just to stay with the kid," he says.

The day after he signed Spinks, Lewis appeared in the offices of Barry Frank, the head of sports at CBS. The network would be glad to telecast the Olympic champ's first pro fight in Las Vegas on Jan. 15, Frank said.

At about the same time, Spinks had returned to his Marine base in Virginia to seek an early discharge on the basis of financial hardships at home. He got the release, and disappeared.

Lewis now had a fight and no fighter. He called Barnes, who said he had no idea where Spinks might be. Lewis called CBS, offering Earnie Shavers as a substitute. Frank told him no Spinks, no show. "We want the kid with the gold medal," Frank said.

Just when all seemed lost, Lewis happened to spot a small item in a Dec. 31 newspaper. It said that Leon Spinks, the Olympic champion, had been issued a traffic ticket for driving with a suspended license. The ticket had been issued in Des Moines. Lewis was on the next plane to Iowa.

"Here it is, New Year's Eve, and I'm the only guy on a plane flying to Des Moines," Lewis says. "I didn't know where Leon was in Des Moines. Hell, I wasn't even sure he was there."

The next morning Lewis rented a car, asked directions to the black neighborhood and drove to an active corner. There, leaning out of the window of his car, he kept asking, "Hey, do you know Leon Spinks, the guy who won the gold medal? Have you seen him?"

continued



Finally, incredibly, Lewis located a youngster who said he had seen Spinks coming out of a house just a few hours earlier. Lewis had found his missing fighter. However, Spinks said he didn't want to fight, that he needed some time off. But Lewis can be persuasive. The next day the two of them were on a plane to Wilmington, Del., where Lewis lives. The next morning, Lewis had Spinks out running.

Fortunately, Spinks' first opponent was Lightning Bob Smith, a butcher's helper from Brooklyn, who had lost his only three fights, two of them by knock-outs. Spinks knocked Smith out in the fifth round.

"That was one of the happiest moments of my life," Lewis says. "Leon had trained for only 11 days. I was scared to death he was going to run out of gas."

There were six more fights to go before Ali: Spinks scored four more knock-outs, fought a dismal 10-round draw with Scott LeDoux and then won a 10-round decision against Alfio Righetti.



Sam Solomon, the champion's 62-year-old trainer, can't remember how many fights he had between the mid-'30s and the early '40s. As an amateur and semi-pro welterweight, he burststormed the world, often fighting in tents or at small social clubs. Some of his summers were spent as a catcher in the Negro National League, playing for \$7.50 a game. In both jobs the pay was small and the lumps were large.

A short man, round and bald, Solomon is filled with soft laughter and sparkling tales of times long dead. When not training Spinks—he once trained Sonny Liston, Ernie Terrell and, for a short time, Muhammad Ali—he helps his wife Edith manage their *Laundromat* and apartment house in Philadelphia.

A punctual man, Solomon agonizes over Spinks' casual disregard of the passage of time. One early evening last week Spinks borrowed Solomon's car, leaving his trainer at the *Laundromat* with a promise to return within the hour. At 4 a.m. Solomon gave up and went home.

The two also differ in outlook over how to train and fight. Until the Ali match, Spinks showed an unwillingness

to explore the mysteries of the jab. Until Ali, the Spinks style was like an iron ball smashing into a condemned building; just keep pounding until the whole thing is leveled.

"You gotta jab," ordered Solomon. "You gotta have balance. You gotta dance."

"Sissy stuff," scoffed Spinks.

Whatever the champion undertakes, he does with enthusiasm and, to Solomon's dismay, usually to excess. It is as though Spinks were trying to cram everything he missed as a child into the hours he now has. For him it is perfectly natural to dance all night and to sleep all day. He has been known to wander into the gym hours late. But once there, he drives himself without letup. Because of his training habits, Spinks has been accused of shorting himself on labor. That, he says, is just another myth.

"I have trained hard all my career," Spinks says. "I trained hard because I was scared. When I came out of the Marines and turned pro it was life and death for me. If I didn't make it I knew what I had to go back to, what was waiting for me. I came from poorness and I never want to go back to poorness. Sometimes Sam Solomon has told me I am training too hard. But I train my way, the only way I know. I train because if you have ever been where I have been, you are always scared you may have to go back."

The relationship between the young fighter and the old trainer has become something like that of father and son. A man of the old school, Solomon doesn't pretend to understand Spinks; nor, for that matter, does Spinks understand Solomon. But somehow they make it all work.

The afternoon after his long wait into the night for the return of his car, Solomon sat at the dining room table of his brick two-story row house, his emotions a mixture of paternal anger and almost maternal concern.

"I'm tired, so tired," Solomon said, sighing. "Up all night waiting for Leon, didn't get no sleep. Sat there waiting, waiting for him to return. The kid's really something. Does it all the time. Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. Always late for something."

A small smile brightened his moon face. "But then he told me, 'I'll do better. I will. I'll try.' I hope so. When he's training I have to start hours earlier just to wake him up. To get him to the gym, I have to wake him at noon to get him



Ex-middletown George Benton (top) had the strategy to beat Ali; Sam Solomon (center) had the patience; and Mike Barrow has the signed contract that everyone else wants to break



there by 3. For roadwork, I gotta get up at 5 to get him running by 8. He has no conception of time. And sleep? Man, does that boy sleep. One day I thought I would have to call the police to break down his door. I knew Leon was home but no one answered the phone. I let it ring and ring and ring. Nothing disturbs him. He'll fall asleep just sitting on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands. Or he'll walk in circles for a while and then sit down and fall asleep. When he goes to the bathroom and he don't come out after a while, you know he's fallen asleep.

"But when he does get awake, there's no stopping him. Out all night. Loves to dance. Jumping from one thing to another. He's like Ali in that respect. Impetuous. Only Ali don't do this disco thing like Leon does. Even when he trains he goes overboard. Can't get him to quit. Anybody that says Leon don't train hard is crazy."

In 1970 George Benton was a middleweight with all the moves, a dazzer who could have gone far. But one day Benton was walking down the street and someone fired a .38 into his stomach. He never fought again. Five years later Benton was in Manila. He was helping to train Frazier to fight Ali. And Benton had a plan.

"What we want to do is neutralize Ali's jab," he told a writer. "That's the main thing we are stressing. Ali likes to control fighters, and the jab is almost all he uses. When Ali goes to the ropes, we want Joe to go for the tips of the shoulder blades, the joints that control the arm."

Unhappily, Frazier didn't listen to George Benton that night. He was so battered and exhausted that his corner wouldn't let him come out for the 15th round. When Butch Lewis first thought of matching Spinks and Ali, he also thought of Benton. Lewis asked Benton to help Solomon train Spinks. Benton said no.

"That was the second time I said no," Benton says. "Lewis was after me from the start. But I had a funny feeling Sam Solomon wouldn't like it. I can work with the devil himself, but Sam wouldn't like it. Besides, I was working with Benny Briscoe, so I said no."

Lewis persisted. To Lewis, any negative answer is merely a temporary setback. He called Benton 10 times. Finally, Benton said he would help, but they

would have to talk to Solomon first.

"I need all the help I can get," Solomon said when Lewis contacted him.

Benton helped Spinks get ready for the Alfio Righetti fight last November.

"It was a great test," the ex-middleweight contender says. "Righetti is the same style fighter as Ali, the same type. I saw things, the same things we'd be up against with Ali: abuse the jab, stab low, keep him busy, make him run faster than he wants. But it was a one-shot deal for me. I quit."

Benton went off with Briscoe, his middleweight, on a fight trip. When he got back, Lewis was on the phone again. The Ali fight was only a few weeks away.

"I need help," Lewis pleaded. "Leon needs you. Please help me. Please help us."

Once more Benton agreed to work with Spinks. He spent long hours explaining the strategy he had devised for Frazier more than two years earlier.

"I tried to tell him the things I'd do as a boxer if I were fighting Ali," Benton says. "We went over the whole thing about killing Ali's jab. But I was uncomfortable around Sam. I guess he thought I was trying to steal his job. Hell with his job. I got a conscience and it's clear. I did a good job with Leon. That's what is important."

The day after the Ali fight, Benton quit the Spinks camp for the second time. "He just got in the way," Solomon says. "He did nothing, nothing. Benton wasn't there in the beginning and didn't know the strategy, so how could he help?"

Last week, as Spinks discoed and dined in such places as Des Moines, Philadelphia, New York and Jacksonville, N.C., the great promotional race was on for his first title defense. Contracts overlapped contracts, offers were exchanged, accepted and denied. Above the maelstrom soared Spinks, who told Lewis: "Just give me a name, a place and a date, and I'll be there."

If only it were that easy. Lewis and Arum spoke of millions, until they spoke to Kenny Norton—and then the figure they mentioned was \$200,000. Backed by the WBC, Norton had been demanding the first shot. He said he was insulted by the money Top Rank was offering. He also said that he would take it.

Then there is Ali, the man Spinks and his people would much rather face first—with good reason. A rematch could bring

each fighter \$5 million. If he meets Norton first, Spinks will take home "only" \$1.5 million.

Last Saturday Ali put in his \$5 million worth. He staged a televised press conference on CBS, during which he insisted he should be first in line to fight Spinks. "I am truly the No. 1 challenger," Ali proclaimed.

Earlier in the week Lewis and Arum flew to California seeking to convince Norton that he should fight Spinks at a later date, say, September or October. If Norton agrees, they say they will guarantee him \$1 million against 20% of everything.

"I don't know why they want to talk to me," Norton says. "I want the title fight now. Even for that lousy \$200,000."

Naturally, all of this was subject to change, and most likely will change. Spinks is aware of that—but aloof from it. "Let me know when you get it all sorted out," he says.

In his hotel suite the champion had grown pensive. In other places men were wheeling and making deals that might bring him millions. But all he wanted at the moment was a little peace, a little time to enjoy the championship. He was in Des Moines with his wife Nova and the oldest of his three children.

Only two others were with him: Mike Flagg, bodyguard and personal secretary and a close friend—"He makes me laugh," says Leon—and Chet Cummings, a public-relations man on loan from Top Rank. His brother Michael, usually not far away, had chosen to remain in Philadelphia.

Soft music played in the background. Closing his eyes, Spinks listened. Then he broke the silence. Eyes still closed, he said, "I've got just two more goals. One. I want to retire with the title as a millionaire. And, two, I want to be a preacher. I want to help other people. God gave me strength and love and care, and I want to pass on what He gave to me to other people. Ali wants to preach his thing; I want to preach mine. They don't sound the same but I don't think they are very different. We all believe in the same thing, we just take different routes getting there."

He opened his eyes and smiled. "I don't know if being champion will change my life or not," he said. "It's all new to me. I'm going to have to learn what it's like being a champion." **END**

One day not long ago, as I walked through New York's Pennsylvania Station toward my commuter train, I sneezed. My body whipped forward with the force of the sneeze, and I suddenly

found myself on all fours crawling around the terrazzo, unable to stand. There was a tremendous pain in my lower back, and the noise I was making was a fair imitation of the hellow of a wounded moose.

Now a man on all fours in Penn Station is not an unusual sight. Even in my pain I could see several other folks on hands and knees variously barking, bawling and mooing—part of New York's

## HOW TO PUT BAD BACKS BEHIND YOU

Backache is the second leading cause of pain, right after headaches, but there's no need to double up in agony when proper exercise can straighten you out

by J. D. REED



herd of unremarkable loonies. So I went unnoticed by the majority of the thousands of homeward-bound commuters. One well-dressed executive pointed me out to his companion, however. "That's why I quit the three-martini lunch," he said righteously. An elderly woman dressed in one of Attila the Hun's fur coats and carrying several paper shopping bags stuffed with old rags stopped. "Ye shall know them by the mark of the

beast," she proclaimed, and slugged me on the ear with an umbrella. Insulted and suffering incredible pain, I crawled aboard the train and rode home on all fours, like a steer through Kansas.

After almost two weeks in bed on a diet of Valium and codeine, I could once again blink, flex my toes and count to 10 without searing, crippling pain in my lower back. I was able to hobble about, one side of my body collapsed toward the pain, and generally make my way around the house. During this agonizing period, by reading a number of books and pestering specialists from Atlanta to Boston, I began to learn about "lower back syndrome."

A U.S. Public Health Service survey indicates that 70 million adults have experienced at least one episode of severe and prolonged back pain, and according to the National Center for Health Statistics another two million are being added to this number each year. Experts agree that backache is the second leading cause of pain in the U.S., after headache. And when one thinks about it, as does orthopedic surgeon Dr. Leon Root, a specialist at New York's Hospital for Special Surgery, the reasons are clear. Says Root, "The evolutionary change from quadruped to biped millions of years ago made man a special animal, able to free his hands for complex tasks. But anatomically, we pay an expensive price for this advance—the human back bears a great and unique load, and it is structurally weak." Think for a minute. Our brains and our backs, wherein our evolutionary superiority is most clearly marked, are the most susceptible to pain.

Doctors call what happened to me in Penn Station when I sneezed "acute lumbosacral strain." It involves the muscles of the lower back—overworked, under tension and stress—knotting up in a prolonged spasm. According to Root, up to 90% of all patients driven by pain to see their physicians for lower back problems suffer from muscular strain or tearing, and perhaps from accompanying ligament and tendon damage. The remaining 10% are suffering from congenital defects in the spine, infections, malformations, kidney problems, arthritis and that old nagaboo, the "slipped disk"

(which is, properly, neither "slipped" nor a "disk").

Although I was disappointed to learn that my case was so ordinary, it serves to illustrate the problem of "everyback." About a week before my sneeze, I had played squash—violently and all-out. And it was there that my problems began. Root, a fellow sufferer whose own problems began as a consequence of a blind-side tackle in a college football practice, notes that "after the first few nice weekends of spring, orthopedists and neurologists can depend on waiting rooms full of patients with strained backs. When the weather gets good, middle-aged executives—deskbound, overweight, out of shape—suddenly decide that they're Frank Merriwell and I see a long parade of weekend golfers, tennis buffs and gardeners, bent over in pain. And it's all avoidable."

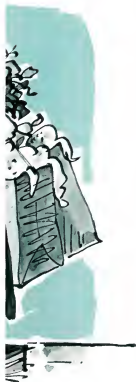
I had played squash at the end of a tension-filled day in which I'd pounded the typewriter to meet a deadline and been harassed by phone calls from a surly loan officer at my bank.

I looked upon the squash game as a physical way to deal with the aggression and stress I felt. I am 37 and, unfortunately, out of shape, overweight and strung tighter than a harpsichord. When I took the court against my skinny, 26-year-old opponent who played squash daily, I was the No. 1 candidate in America for lower-back muscle spasm.

After the match (which I lost convincingly), I felt a tightness and twinging in my back. Stupidly theorizing that if pain is felt while exercising, more exercising will alleviate it, I played again the next day, even harder.

The muscles of the lower back are called upon to do a great deal. A relatively thin band of muscles, where the lumbar region of the spine joins the sacral region, must lift and lower the upper torso. A Swedish physician interested in stress, Alf Nachemson (who designed the Volvo seat), has demonstrated that a man bending over to lift a 50-pound weight puts something like 660 pounds of pressure at the juncture of the lumbar and sacral spine. Consequently, the muscles of the lower back, if improperly exercised, will go on strike. Overworked, contracted

continued



unnaturally as a result of the tensions of modern life, a sudden twist to the side or a fast bend, as in a sneeze, may lock the muscles into a spasm that will throw a man to the floor in agony.

It is the job of muscles to contract on impulses from the brain. By contracting sets of muscles we walk and carry out our daily chores. Even while reading this, your eye muscles contract and release as they direct your eyes across the page and

ing routine and a strengthening series.

Modern medicine has experimented with a wide variety of cures for low-back syndrome—traction, braces, diathermy, acupuncture, hot and cold packs, body casts and chiropractic manipulation. A new treatment, consisting of putting needles into bones and called osteopuncture, is now being touted. But to specialists like Root, neurosurgeon Bernard Finne-son of Philadelphia (who has founded a

ways lead to a back problem," says Root. "The spine is S-shaped, and a simple law of mechanics is that stress, applied to a curved structure, causes the greatest load on the inside of the curve. The way to relieve an uneven load on the back is to flatten out the curve."

Here is a simple posture test: lift your head as far away from your toes as possible, but keep your chin tucked in. This flattens the top of the S-curve. As you do this, tilt your pelvis forward by contracting the powerful muscles of the buttocks. This contracts the bottom of the S, the lumbar spine, the weak spot. Now, slump back to your normal stance and see how poor your posture is compared with what it should be.

"In the lifelong contest between you and your back, posture is practically the whole ball game," says Root. "Most trauma pain is caused by poor posture. Most stress, tension and fatigue pain is caused by it. The same for disk pain, pregnancy pain and all other kinds of lower back pain."

One answer, then, is to do the above exercise as often as possible until the position begins to feel natural. Another way to better posture is to pretend that a wire is attached to your chest, pulling it straight up into the air.

Hans Kraus is most concerned with the effects of tension and emotional stress on backs. We live in a world far removed from the one shown in John Wayne movies. If the boss yells at us, we can't deliver a looping left to his jaw; we grin and bear it. We can't even run away from it. And so our biological fight-or-flight mechanism is short-circuited. Adrenaline pours into the system with nothing to do there: we become tight, tense, strung out.

Because so much of our movement capability is located in a small area of the lower back, its muscles, tendons and ligaments are the ones most deeply affected by tension, the muscular equivalent of a stomach ulcer.

Those convinced that violent exercise will relieve tension that vodka poultices applied to the inside of the body will not, are walking time bombs, ticking off the minutes until hit by crippling back pain. They suffer through rush-hour traffic to get to a driving range to thrash furiously at buckets of balls or they go out at dusk

*continued*



back again. But when an unnatural stress is placed on a muscle, the muscle locks up and simply won't listen to reason.

Experts generally agree that the majority of back sufferers need no longer be in pain or tiptoe around in fear that their backs will "go out" again after an initial attack, and that, indeed, most back pain is preventable. The answer lies in therapeutic exercise, both a stretch-

back clinic) and Dr. Hans Kraus of New York (one of John Kennedy's back doctors and founder of much modern treatment), the answer lies in exercise if your problem stems from muscular tension and trauma. Exercise goes a long way to correcting poor posture; it will trim the waistline and ease tension.

"Poor posture, uncorrected throughout youth and adulthood, will almost al-

A central bottle of Calvert Extra American Whiskey is surrounded by various fruits and soft drinks. To the left is a tall glass of orange juice with a strawberry on top. To the right is a glass of orange juice with an orange slice on the rim. In the foreground are several apples (red and pink) and a peach. Two cherries are perched on the bottle's neck. The background is a light, warm color.

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tingling with daily frustrations to practice their serves without proper warm-up exercises. They may be doing great harm in the process. This does not mean that one has to stop taking part in sports, or even do them at half-strength. What it means is that one's exercise must be cautious.

If the muscles of the lower back are tight from tension, or weak, then it is necessary to build up other muscles to help bear the load—the lower abdominals, the hip flexors, the hamstrings and the buttocks are especially in need of strengthening.

There are many combinations of stretching and strengthening exercises, about as many as there are knowledgeable physicians in the back-pain field. Three currently available paperback books on the subject provide sensible, systematic exercise tips and explain in great detail the pathology of lower back syndrome.

*Oh, My Aching Back* (Signet, \$1.95) by Root (with Thomas Kiernan) is a concise and intelligent treatment of the subject, and his eight general exercises are the most compact and useful for those who believe that they may be prone to a bad back.

*Backache, Stress and Tension* (Pocket Books, \$1.50) by Kraus, ranges wider in its interest, exploring the effects of stress and tension in modern life. Kraus also includes six self-administered fitness tests that he developed with another physician many years ago. They are designed, among other things, to tell you if you are a potential buck case. In addition, the book contains an exhaustive catalog of exercises—but not an exhausting one, for overexertion is not in the ball game for back cases.

A slightly different point of view is presented by Finneson in *The New Approach To Low Back Pain* (Berkley Publishing Co., \$2.95). Being a neurosurgeon rather than an orthopedic man, Finneson's presentation of details on the mechanics of pain is enlightening, at least to us sufferers.

As each of these books warns the reader, the man who treats himself has a fool for a patient. Before doing exercises, read the books thoroughly and get your personal physician's O.K., for the exercises aren't for everyone.

If you merely suspect that you may be a candidate for crawling around on your hands and knees, Root's book should suffice. If you are a bona fide sufferer and, like me, love to know every one of the hideous and intimate details of your ailment, then all three are recommended reading.

After recovering from my initial bout of back pain, and doing my exercises religiously for six weeks, I am once again able to play squash and tennis. Further,

Golf is O.K., but not great, at least according to Kraus, who says, "The great golfers have such a smooth swing, but a duffer is so jerky he can cause his muscles undue strain." So caution is the word in golf.

Tennis is fine, but modify your serve so that you do not arch backward at the top.

Both football (even touch) and baseball are too stop-and-go to get high marks. And a back patient who remem-



ber his pain is unlikely to play football anyway.

Running is highest on the recommended list after swimming. Cross-country skiing ranks third, for in it the knees are bent and the back properly flexed to stretch the muscles. Downhill skiing gets lower marks because of the possibility of injury in a spill.

Not recommended are water skiing (the back is arched too dangerously) and bowling (the presence of extra weight on one side of the body is asking for it). And anyone who's been through the indescribable pain of muscle spasm in the lower back, whether on the floor of Penn Station or not, is definitely not asking for it.

**END**

## FULL TILT TOWARD MOSCOW



OHLMAYER MANEWS THE CONTROLS OF NBC'S PRE-OLYMPIC DRIVE

Between now and the day you watch the closing ceremonies of the 1980 Moscow Olympics, the name and works of NBC wonder-kind Don Ohlmeyer should become as familiar to the TV-viewing public as those of, say, the man who used to be Ohlmeyer's boss, ABC wonder-worker Roone Arledge. Those who read TV credits, however, are already aware of Ohlmeyer's talents. He just about leads the world in Emmys with seven, and has been the producer of some of sports programming's biggest hits—ABC's *Monday Night Football* and *Superstars*—plus at least one of its giant artistic failures, ABC's *Monday Night Baseball*. Last May, NBC lured the 33-year-old Ohlmeyer away from ABC for a reported \$400,000 yearly, and on Jan. 22, with Ohlmeyer as executive producer, the network launched its new Sunday afternoon anthology show, *SportsWorld*. This is a large departure for a very conservative network that long prided itself on being "No. 1 in live sports television." Accent on "live."

In certain respects, *SportsWorld* resembles both ABC's *Wide World of Sports* and CBS' *Sports Spectacular*, and weekend viewers may feel that with the addition of *SportsWorld* they are watching the same events in triplicate instead of duplicate: the customary boxing bout, assorted Bulgars hoisting weights, and a little wrist wrestling—all of it coming from Las Vegas, the site television executives consider the true Olym-

pus. Off its first seven programs, however, *SportsWorld* has at least tried for a fresh look even though its critics put it down as basically a "three-year pregame show for the Moscow Olympics."

There is some truth in that. Having paid a hefty \$85 million for the rights to the 1980 Summer Olympics, NBC decided to cover them with 150 hours of telecasts. *SportsWorld* will be used to build viewer (and advertiser) interest in this huge chunk of air time by making the U.S. aware of the

various athletic competitions that lead up to the Games themselves. "Our hope is to develop a nationwide awareness of upcoming Olympic performers," says Ohlmeyer. "We also want to hone our production standards. We have already sent crews all over the world looking for the right amateur events to do." To help personalize the prospective Olympic competitors, NBC has hired independent producer-writer-director Bud Greenspan, who was responsible for Public Broadcasting's widely praised *The Olympiad* two years ago.

Beyond building a potential Olympic audience, Ohlmeyer hopes to make *SportsWorld* a show for the entire family, and NBC's ratings can use any part of any family anytime. The first three editions of *SportsWorld* averaged 15.5 million viewers, an increase of 8 million from a year ago when the network was showing *Grandstand* in the same time slot, but *SportsWorld* still didn't draw the audience of CBS' telecasts of NBA basketball.

Ohlmeyer was born in New Orleans, grew up in Glenview, Ill., and attended Notre Dame. Ohlmeyer has worked in virtually all areas of television and as production assistant, director and producer, and picked up vast technical knowledge from Arledge, with whom he was associated through three Summer Olympics. Within the television industry—as opposed to the world at large—Ohlmeyer is best known for *Monday Night Football*, which, he says, became such a huge

success because ABC made the games "an event, something special. Monday nights became a happening."

*SportsWorld* is put together so that its first and longest segment usually deals with an Olympic-related event and occupies up to half of the 90-minute show. That, at any rate, is the theory. In the first seven shows, though, *SportsWorld* carried only four Olympic-type events: two track and field meets, a two-part report on women's gymnastics, and a women's international swimming meet. Jousting, the feature for Feb. 26, was dropped in an Olympic sport some years ago.

The first segment is followed by what NBC calls "a minor event, a sport not covered routinely on television." On the early shows, this turned out to mean shorries on such sports as softball on ice.

Following these, *SportsWorld* takes a topic in the news and undertakes to explore all sides of it. On the first three broadcasts the subject was violence in sports among players and fans. The difficulty here was that after painstakingly demonstrating the connection between sports and violence all over the world, Ohlmeyer and company left the viewer with a handful of mixed feelings and a variety of possible answers to the problem. Unfortunately, one person not interviewed was NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien, who refused to talk to *SportsWorld* because it appeared at the same time as an NBA telecast.

One of Ohlmeyer's future projects for discussion will be transport and how TV deals with it. Because Ohlmeyer has produced shows such as *Superstars* (ABC), *US Against the World* (NBC) and that absolutely must-miss, *Battle of the Network Stars* (ABC), how he handles that subject should be fascinating to behold.

Notwithstanding, what is most commendable so far about *SportsWorld* is its intention to give devotees of amateur athletics a chance to see something different. On the schedule in coming weeks are the finals of the AIAW basketball tournament, U.S. vs. U.S.S.R. basketball, and two amateur ring events including the National Golden Gloves and Armed Forces boxing. The main question about the rest of the series is whether it can avoid looking too much like *Wide World of Sports* and *Sports Spectacular*. **END**



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The Metropolitan Collegiate Athletic Conference is commonly known as the Metro 7, but it really should be called the Metro 6 plus Florida State. That institution, you see, is located in Tallahassee, which is hardly a metropolis, having about only as many residents as Kalamazoo or Waterloo, too. Still, the Metro 7 is nothing if not well promoted. Only three years old, it has its own weekly newspaper, its own radio network and its own TV network.

Last week the hype was carried over to the conference's basketball tournament in Cincinnati, at which there were Metro billboards, posters, banners, luggage tags, T-shirts, badges and pens. Boredoms at a downtown disco, Lucy's in the Sky, even wore T-M A METROMANIAC halter tops.

But, as rarely happens, the play under the hoops surpassed the hoopla. The tournament had just about everything—upsets, speedups, slowdowns, come-downs and, something no such event should be without, a referee exorcised. The Saturday night climax in Riverfront Coliseum was a superb championship game between Florida State, 11-1 in regular league play, and Louisville, twice a loser to Florida State in league play. This time Louisville won 94-93 on a nick-of-time basket by last-minute substitute Roger Burkman, his only points of the game.

Louisville (22-6) now moves on to an NCAA first-round game against St. John's (N.Y.) in Tulsa this week. Florida State (23-5), which was ignored by the NCAA two years ago despite a 22-5 record, received an at-large bid and will meet Kentucky at Knoxville.

Actually, the most interesting team in the tournament was Georgia Tech, which is coached by a crew-cut Kentuckian named Dwane Morrison. He speaks in what Atlanta sportswriters call "Dwaneese," which is sort of a country-boy, let's-us-go-possum-huntin' version of Stengel-ese. Because its effect depends greatly on Morrison's dramatic pauses and wide-eyed, sometimes-bewildered expression, it doesn't translate well into print, but it steals the show at luncheons and other affairs endemic to tournaments.

Morrison's players are fascinating, too, particularly jump-shooting Sammy Drummer, who signed letters of intent for, or showed up at, Indiana, Austin

Peay, Gardner-Webb and DeKalb South JC before enrolling at Georgia Tech. His teammate, Tico Brown (like Drummer, he's from Indiana), was born Quautico Moreno Brown.

"Dwane Morrison is an interesting study," says Cincinnati Coach Gale Catlett. "He'd like everybody to think he's a farmer who doesn't know anything about the game, doesn't have any players and has his wife tell him what to do. He's the slickest guy in the league."

Catlett proved to be a prophet when the Yellow Jacks, playing as deliberately as country boys strolling to the fish-'n' hole, upset Cincinnati 39-38 in the first round. It was the fewest points scored by the Bearcats in 29 years.

"I'm a damn ham," said Morrison. "I expect to win ever' game I play." He ended with, "Bless you, brothers."

He almost won again the next night over Florida State, which had had a bye the first round, but the Seminoles pulled it out 71-69, helped by a foul call that erased a Georgia Tech tip-in with 1:01 left on the clock. (One coach who votes in the UPI poll must have seen something in the tea leaves. He voted Georgia Tech fifth in the nation the previous week despite its 14-11 record, and as a result Tech jumped from nowhere to No. 18.)

Florida State, which had lost only four games all season, came into Cincinnati ranked No. 11 in both wire-service polls and the tournament's No. 1 seed. The Seminoles featured muscular 6'7" Forward Harry Davis and several other good big men, plus three talented guards, Eugene Harris, the outside shooter; Tony Jackson, the league leader in assists and steals; and the "sixth starter," Mickey Dillard, the penetrator.

The team was put together by 12th-year Coach Hugh Durham, Louisville born and reared, who was a star guard for Florida State from 1956 to 1959. Durham was the Florida open racquetball champion in 1973, but he no doubt reached the height of his sports career in 1972 when his Seminoles made the NCAA final, where they lost to UCLA.

Durham tried not to miss a bet in Cincinnati. His mother, Mrs. Mary Shaffer of Louisville, had seen only two Florida State games this season, both of which FSU lost. Although she was in Cincy, she and Hugh jointly decided that she

## The Crums take the cake

Louisville upset Florida State to win the Metro 7 title for Coach Denny Crum

would skip the games. "A combination of superstitions," said Durham.

Louisville didn't have a bye, but it had the equivalent: an opener against Tulane. The Cardinals won 93-64 and, as usual, Guard Rick Wilson and his backcourt partner, Darrell (Dr. Dunk) Griffith, were impressive. Not so much fun was game No. 2 against Memphis State, which had disposed of St. Louis in the first round. Louisville beat Memphis 67-62, aided considerably by the bad shots taken at the end by Memphis Guard Alvin Wright. Afterward, Louisville Coach Denny Crum verbally *continued*

Turner: 17 points one game, 12 stretches another



lacked Referee Ray Sonnenberg of Belleville, Ill.

"There was one guy out there in a striped shirt who was definitely prejudiced against Louisville," raged Crum, who went on to say that it was the second-worst officiating job he had ever seen and that Sonnenberg would "never work another Louisville game. I'll guarantee you that." He didn't specify what the worst-officiated game had been, or what had happened to that villain.

In seven seasons at Louisville the 41-year-old Crum, a former player and assistant coach under John Wooden at UCLA, has proved himself one of the best coaches in the nation. He has the second-best record, 161-43, of any active major-college coach, trailing only Nevada-Las Vegas' Jerry Tarkanian. One of the reasons he has won almost 80% of his games is that he recruits top players, and they were needed against Memphis State, Wilson and Griffith, both Louisville products, combined for 34 points, and a third hometown, 6'4" Bobby Turner, played his usual good game in the frontcourt despite resplitting his forehead and requiring 12 stitches, bringing the total to 47, or more than Frankenstein's monster.

The championship game was televised to the league's network of nearly 30 stations, with Cincinnati alumnus Oscar Robertson doing the color, and it had to be one of the best shows on the tube this winter. The girls at Lucy's couldn't have matched the moves, and the shooting was of the long-range guided-missile variety.

This will give some idea of how talented the athletes on the two teams are: Florida State's Kris Anderson, a 6'8" bean pole, hit nine of 12 shots, most of them from 15 feet or more. Louisville's Turner, despite the bandages, connected on seven of 10. Harris, the six-foot Florida State outside shooter, fought and scratched and leaped for nine rebounds.

Paced by Wilson (who shot eight for eight in the first half, 12 for 15 in the game), Louisville led from the opening moments until Harris' two free throws with 1:25 left made it 91-90 Florida State. Ricky Gallon sank two free throws to enable the Cardinals to regain the lead, but the Seminoles' Tony Jackson took it back by making two free throws with nine seconds to go.

By this time Griffith and Wilson had fouled out, and Crum had to insert Burkman, a 6'5" freshman guard who had

shot only 31% from the field this season. Louisville's in-bounds pass was supposed to go to Tony Branch, a fine ball handler, but he was covered. It went instead to Burkman, who, looking as if he had practiced all his life for just such a moment, dribbled all the way down the court, once going behind his back, and shot a 15-foot fall-away jumper from the left baseline. Swish! It was 94-93 for Louisville with two seconds left.

Florida State almost performed a miracle of its own. Anderson threw a perfect in-bounds pass to Davis under the hoop, but Davis, catching the ball in mid-leap and closely guarded, missed his back-over-the-head bank shot at the buzzer.

Maybe Hugh Durham's mother had sneaked into the Coliseum after all.

## THE WEEK

(Feb. 27-March 5)

by MIKE DELNAGRO

**MIDWEST** Eddie Sutton, coach of SWC co-champion Arkansas, arrived at the conference tournament in Houston carrying a proposal for a change in the playoff procedure. In essence, Sutton wanted the rules modified to give both the first- and second-place teams—instead of just the league champ—byes into the semifinals. It was understandable that such a suggestion should come from Sutton, because a technicality prevented his team from going the bye this season. "I have two plans—Plan A and Plan B," Sutton announced to the press.

"Wrong, Eddie," interrupted SWC official Bill Morgan. "We've got Plan A. You have Plan B and Plan C."

Maybe Sutton knew something. Two games into the tournament, Arkansas was upset by Houston 70-69. (Nonetheless, the 28-3 Hogs were awarded an NCAA at-large berth.) The Cougars trailed by one with :08 to play, when Arkansas' Ron Brewer was fouled and went to the line for a one-and-one. But Brewer, an 86% free-throw shooter, bounced his shot hard off the rim. Houston got the rebound and whisked the ball upcourt, where Cecil Rose fired in the game-winning shot. "We lost five games by one point," said Cougar Coach Guy Lewis. "But this makes up for all of them."

The next day Houston used its superior bench and board strength to win the tournament with a 92-90 victory over 22-4 Texas, which had gotten the bye to the finals. The Cougars' front line of Rose, Mike Schatz, Chet Thompson and George Walker drew 12

personal fouls from three Texas centers and won the rebounding battle 52-38. And reserves Walker, Mark Trammell and Cedric Fears chipped in with 29 points. In contrast, Texas got only 13 points from its bench. Houston led most of the way and held a 92-86 edge with six seconds to go. Only the Longhorns' last-second ball hawking, which led to a field goal and two free throws by Texas Guard John Moore, made the score close. The victory was Houston's 10th in the last 11 games. "Playing at home gave them a slight edge," said losing Coach Abe Lemons. "But Eddie Sutton will come up with some proposal to fix that. He'll come up with a plan that will have us all playing at Fayetteville."

Missouri (14-15) will be the sole NCAA playoff team with a losing record. The Tigers earned the honor by upsetting Iowa State, Nebraska and Kansas State en route to winning the Big-Eight tournament championship. In the finals, Missouri beat Kansas State in overtime when Center Stan Ray hit six of six free throws for a 71-68 victory. "We wound up playing hogs in the corn," said an elated Missouri Coach Norm Stewart. "That's when you forget everything and do whatever you can think of to try to win." After conducting his postgame interview outside the Tiger locker room, Stewart invited the press inside, hollering to his players, "Hold onto your stuff, here come the journalists."

Kansas State had reached the final by beating regular-season champion—and NCAA at-large tournament choice—Kansas 87-76. Creighton won the Missouri Valley post-season championship by defeating Indiana State 54-52 in Rick Able scored with two seconds left. En route to the finals, State dumped West Texas 90-71 and Bradley 88-81. After each game, the losing coach (Ron Ekker and Joe Stowell) got fired.

### 1. ARKANSAS (28-3)

### 2. KANSAS (24-4) 3. LOUISVILLE (22-6)

**WEST** "This is hard to believe. I feel like I'm spinning air circles," gushed New Mexico's Marvin Johnson. Johnson was not nearly as dizzy as Colorado State after he had led the Lobos to a 111-88 win by connecting on 21 of 27 shots and eight free throws. With 1:15 to play and 18,101 fans in Albuquerque's University Arena on their feet chanting, "Marvin, Marvin," Johnson drilled in two foul shots for his 49th and 50th points, breaking the WAC single-game record held by a couple of old pros, Wyoming's Flynn Robinson (1964) and Utah's Jerry Chambers (1966). Two days later Johnson pumped in 32 points as New Mexico sank Wyoming 93-74 and clinched the WAC title. Johnson's shooting so impressed teammate Willie Howard that Howard crowed, "I want UCLA. Bring them on. We're ready to take on the world."

The WAC's second-place team, Utah, continued

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## COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

raised its record to 22-5 and earned an NCAA bid by whipping Bingham Young 81-74. Ute seniors Jeff Judkins and Buster Matheney scored 47 points, giving them a combined career total of 3,154 and making them the highest scoring duo in Ute history.

Also bid hunting was independent Utah State, which pushed its record to 21-6 by thrashing Montana 89-48 and St. Mary's 96-80. "I'm satisfied," said Coach Dutch Belnap, comforted by the fact that the Aggies had victories over two regular-season conference champions, Montana (Big Sky) and Fresno State (PCAA). Not satisfied was the NCAA, which chose to overlook them.

They're called McCarthy's Kids because the coach is named Neil McCarthy and four of the starters are sophomores. Actually, they are the Weber State Wildcats, and going into the Big Sky championship game against Montana, McCarthy figured his kids' task was threefold: hold high-scoring Grizzly Guard Michael Ray Richardson closer to 20 points than 40, draw Montana out of its zone and neutralize the Grizzlies' home-court crowd. With Bruce Collins hawking Richardson and with a lot of crisp passing, the Wildcats managed to do all three. They also overcame an eight-point halftime deficit to beat Montana 62-55 in overtime. In the extra period the Grizzlies missed their first two shots, enabling Weber to take a 52-49 edge on baskets by Rob McKone and Collins. Thereafter it was a foul-shooting contest, and Weber won that, too, sinking nine of 10, four of them in the last minute by Forward Kurt Moore.

Fulterson State breezed by Long Beach State 64-53 to win the PCAA tournament, after regular-season co-champs San Diego State and Fresno State were subdued in the semis. The Aztecs were beaten 64-50 by the Titans, and Fresno fell 68-62 in overtime to Long Beach.

UCLA warmed up for the NCAA by trouncing USC 91-78 and Michigan 96-70.

1. UCLA (24-2)

2. N. MEXICO (24-3) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (22-5)

**EAST** Syracuse, Providence, Temple, VMI and Rutgers, 20-game winners all, began the week with bright prospects for winning one of the area's regional and conference playoffs and thereby earning an NCAA tournament berth. At week's end they all had a third thing in common: upset losses, which prevented all but Syracuse and Providence from making the NCAA's.

St. Bonaventure upended Syracuse 70-69 in the ECAC Southern-Upstate Regional Trailering 69-68 with 215 left, the Bonnies began holding the ball for a last shot, while Syracuse laid back in its 2-3 zone. With only 12 to play, Bonaventure got what it was waiting for when Delmar Harrod cinned a short jumper. Syracuse's Marty Byrnes got off a 12-footer at the buzzer, but it fell

*continued*

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short. However, the Oranges' 22-4 record in regular-season games was good enough to convince the NCAA that Syracuse deserved a bid, too. The Bonnies then nailed down their berth by nailing out Virginia Commonwealth 63-61 on a foul-line jumper by Center Tim Waterman, an infrequent and often inaccurate outside shooter, with one second left on the clock. The Rams had surged to the final by pulling an upset, too: they beat 17th-ranked Georgetown 88-75 as the Hoyas' top scorer, Derrick Jackson, sat out with a bleeding ulcer.

Before Providence met Rhode Island for the New England Regional championship, the Rhode Island senate unanimously passed a resolution wishing the Friars "much success and prosperity." So much for abusing the state university. In a game in which there were 15 lead changes and four ties, the Rams defeated the Friars 65-62, ending almost 20 years of playing second banana to Providence in the Ocean State. With his team ahead 50-49 midway through the second half, Rhode's Irv Chalmers blocked a shot that led to a layup by Sean Wright. Then Sly Williams made a steal and fed Wright for another basket and a five-point lead that Providence never overcame. The Friars did overcome any reluctance that loss may have engendered in NCAA selectors. They got an at-large bid to the Midwest Regionals.

"My pregame talk came right out of *Star Wars*," said La Salle Coach Paul Westhead. "I told them the Force is with you. And it was with Derryl Gladden at the end." It sure was. With his team trailing Temple, which had a 22-3 regular-season record, by one point and :02 to play, Gladden popped in a 25-footer that propelled the Explorers to a 73-72 win and the East Coast Conference tournament title. "It looked four feet short," Westhead said. "I thought the basket came out and sucked the ball in." Earlier, La Salle had knocked off Delaware 97-85 and St. Joe's (Pa.) 89-82, behind 63 points and 35 rebounds by Forward Michael Brooks.

Furman trounced Marshall 69-53 to win the Southern Conference tournament, getting 20 points from Guard Bruce Grimm, a transfer from Providence. In the semifinals, Marshall's Harley Davidson Major had scored 26 points in a 76-71 upset of VMI, the conference champion in 1976 and 1977.

Villanova won the Eastern Eight championship, surviving a furious second-half rally to beat West Virginia 63-59. The Wildcats led by 17 points with 10 minutes to go, but the Mountaineers whittled the lead to four with 35 left. Then Wildcat freshman Alex Bradley sank two free throws, and West Virginia was finished. Earlier, West Virginia, 10-15 during the season, rocked Duquesne 59-57 and regular-season champion Rutgers 81-74. It was the second straight year in which the Scarlet Knights finished on top and were knocked off in the tournament by a reg-

ular-season also-ran. "That's why they have these great playoffs—I guess," said glum Rutgers Coach Tom Young.

St. John's slid past Iowa 83-80 and Army 65-63 to win the ECAC Metro championship, but it was Cadet Gary Winston who set Nassau Coliseum ablaze. Playing with a pulled calf muscle in the semis, Winston scored Army's first six points in overtime as the Cadets edged Seton Hall 81-79. Against St. John's, Winston rang up 25 points and kept Army alive until he fouled out, with the Redmen nursing a 61-57 lead and 1:28 to play. Winston's fifth personal came on a controversial play. He leaped into the air to block a drive by Gordon Thomas, had second thoughts and then hung on the rim to avoid landing on Thomas. Referees charged him with a personal and a technical, fouls that so riled Army Coach Mike Krzyzewski that he drew a technical, too. Thomas sank four of the five free throws, putting the game out of reach. "Winston's the strongest guy I've ever seen," said St. John's Forward George Johnson. "If there's a war, I want him up front."

Penn clinched the Ivy title, routing Cornell 98-74, but needed help from archrival Princeton to do it. The day before winning at Ithaca, N.Y., the Quakers were upset 88-84 by Columbia, which put the Lions along a tie with Penn. Princeton then clobbered Columbia 59-44 to seal the championship for Penn.

#### 1. DUKE (23-6)

2. N. CAROLINA (23-7) 3. ST. BONA. (21-7)

**MIDEAST** One of these days Minnesota will learn about holding halftime ceremonies to retire a player's number. Leading Michigan State 38-34 at the intermission, the Gophers performed the rites on Center Mychal Thompson's jersey—and Michigan State rallied to win 71-70. Five years ago Minnesota retired Jim Brewer's shirt at halftime, and Iowa overcame a big deficit to win. Not that Thompson's No. 43 did not deserve to be honored. Early in the game Thompson scored his 1,477th point to break the Big Ten career-scoring record held by Purdue's Rick Mount. He went on to pump in 20 points, but that was not enough as a last-second free throw by Ervin Johnson gave Michigan State the victory. Johnson scored 24 points and Greg Keller added 27 when the Spartans drubbed Wisconsin 79-75 to clinch the Big Ten title.

By beating Illinois 77-66 and Iowa 71-55, Indiana leaped over Purdue—which lost to Northwestern 80-71 and the Illini 67-66—into a second-place tie with Minnesota in the Big Ten. The victories, Indiana's eighth and ninth in 10 games, ran its record to 20-7, good enough for an NCAA at-large bid.

SEC champion Kentucky tuned up for the NCAA's by blasting Georgia 78-67 and Nevada-Las Vegas 92-70 as Rick Robey and Jack Givens pumped in a total of 80 points. Mis-

sissippi State, 18-8 overall, beat LSU 68-67 and Auburn 83-82 to take second place in the SEC with a 13-4 conference record.

Five DePaul players—Dave Corzine, Joe (Godfather) Pometto, Curtis Watkins, William (Don't Call Me Bill) Dine and Gary Garland—scored in double figures as the Blue Demons clinched an NCAA berth and spoiled Illinois State's hopes for one, with a 96-84 triumph. But for Pometto the victory was bitter-sweet. While driving a few hours before game time, he scored 6-year-old Paul Watson, who was taken to a Chicago hospital with a broken leg. Pometto stayed with the boy until an hour before tip-off and, understandably, had trouble concentrating once the game began. He failed to score until 19 minutes

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**MARVIN JOHNSON:** Playing only 67 minutes in league title-clinching wins over Colorado State and Wyoming, New Mexico's forward scored 82 points—including a WAC-record 50 against the Rams

had elapsed. "I felt helpless," he said. "The accident put basketball into perspective. It's just a game." DePaul also popped Valparaiso 89-62 and finished with a 25-2 record, the best among the nation's independents.

Marquette pounded Butler 90-79 and eked out an 89-77 victory at Detroit before a record crowd of 11,065 at Calihan Hall. With the teams deadlocked 69-69 and 1:47 left to play, Warrior Jim Boylan connected on a free throw and Jerome Whitehead sank a field goal to put Marquette ahead to stay. The Titans finished with a 24-3 record but were not selected for the NCAA's.

Dayton upset Notre Dame 66-59 as Erv Giddings and Jim Paxson combined for 45 points. The loss dropped the Irish record to 19-6. Right, they got an NCAA bid anyway.

Central Michigan 68, Toledo 68, end of regulation. Central Michigan 76, Toledo 76, end of first overtime. The teams were also tied at 84-84, 88-88 and 97-97 at the end of three more overtimes. It was not until the fifth extra period that Central Michigan's K. C. Janer made two free throws with five seconds left and lifted the Chippewas to a 109-107 victory. The win resulted in a four-team logjam in the Mid-American Conference: Central Michigan, Toledo, Miami and Bowling Green all still battling for the title. Earlier Toledo had edged Miami 81-79 in overtime, but the Redskins rebounded by defeating Ball State 74-64.

Western Kentucky beat Austin Peay 77-69 to win the Ohio Valley tournament. Peay got to the title game by edging the regular-season co-champion, Middle Tennessee, 66-61.

#### 1. KENTUCKY (24-2)

2. DePAUL (25-2) 3. MARQUETTE (24-3)

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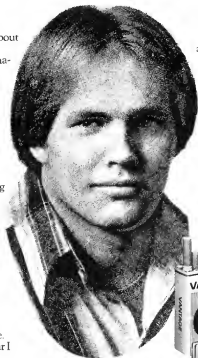
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## How 5'9" goes into 6'x4'

*With room to spare, of course. But Don Edwards, the rookie goaltender of the Buffalo Sabres, imagines he's a six-by-four board and wits pucks out of the net*

Rookie Goaltender Don Edwards calls himself a six-by-four—the dimensions of the goal mouth. His Buffalo Sabre teammates call him Penguin—sorry, Mr. Cey, there are two of you now—because when he shuffles into position for Buffalo, one set of toes points northeast, toward Syracuse, while the other points in a northwesterly direction, toward Erie, Pa. They also call him Donnie Dark, for, uh, darker reasons. His captain, Danny Gare, all 5'9" of him, calls Edwards "the little guy." And everyone in Buffalo calls him the Answer.

The question, of course, has been the Buffalo Sabres' goaltending, and it has been asked since the team was organized in 1970. Forgettables Gary Bromley, Joe Daley, Rocky Furr and Al Smith are

among the nine goalies who have minded the nets during Buffalo's eight years in the NHL. Roger Crozier and Gerry Desjardins, the two legitimate major league goalies the Sabres have had (Desjardins is still with the team but has played in only three games this season), had histories of injuries and inconsistency and, as a result, the position was never entirely settled. Now it is. The 22-year-old Edwards is likely to be Buffalo's goalie for a long, long time.

Since being culled up from the Sabres' Hershey farm club two-thirds of the way through last season, Edwards has played in 85 of Buffalo's 91 games, and has posted a remarkable 2.59 goals-against average. During that time he has played more minutes and won more games than

any goalie in the NHL. Edwards thrives on the work. "Right now I just can't get enough hockey," he says. Edwards was recently observed watching a Toronto-Minnesota game on television while listening to a Chicago-Boston game on radio. "It's how I learn," he explains. "You watch. You listen. You keep a mental book on players. I'm the best learner in the world."

Before each game Edwards chants a phrase he found in the autobiography of Soviet Goalie Vladislav Tretiak: "I must play well; I must not betray my teammates." Behind it all is a positive attitude that Edwards could put in a book called *I'm O.K., I'm a Six-by-Four*. "I feel we've got to win every game 1-0," he says. "Gerry Cheevers [Boston's injured goaltender] has a great saying, 'You get me two goals and you've won the game.' I'm the same way but I say, 'You get me one.' Then it's Stoneville. When I'm in there, I'm a six-by-four, I'm a board. It's all mental. You just get the old board out and stand it up. Like a golfer standing over a 10-foot putt. He wields the damn thing in the hole. I will the puck out."

Edwards, who has curled in enough 10-footers through willpower that his golf handicap is three, has been a six-by-four in some very big games for the Sabres this season. He has the reputation of being a "point bound," playing best when the two points for a win or one for a tie are on the line. "Of our 37 wins, he's probably won 15 or 16 all by himself," says Defenseman Jocelyn Guevremont. Philadelphia and Montreal have been among the victims of his five shutouts. Stoneville. Against the four best teams in the National Hockey League—Montreal, the New York Islanders, Philadelphia and Boston—Edwards has a phenomenal 2.00 goals-against average, and the Sabres have won 10 of the 15 games. That bodes well for Buffalo's hopes in the Stanley Cup playoffs.

Edwards is the reason we're challenging for the second-best record in the league," says George (Punch) Imlach, the only general manager in the Sabres' history. "The team's not going that well. Edwards is."

All season Buffalo has been in a battle with Boston for the Adams Division lead and with the Islanders, Flyers and Bruins for the right to play second fiddle to Montreal's Stradivarius, despite off-seasons from some of the Sabres' big scor-

*continued*

Masked marvel Edwards has played more games (58) and won more (32) than any other goalie



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## HOCKEY continued

ers. Says Imlach, "We've got people who've had less than good years, like [Rene] Robert and [Richard] Martin. These are supposed to be superstars, eh? Running around with 20 goals? [Andre] Savard's got 15. So that slack is being taken up by Edwards."

Much credit for Buffalo's 37-13-14 record goes to another rookie, Coach Marcel Pronovost, who has the Sabres thinking as a unit. He has used his bi-lingual talents to get his message across to the French Connection line of Robert, Martin and Gilbert Perreault, whose firepower (563 goals in their five previous years together) was offset by their deficiencies on defense. Says Defenseman Jim Schoenfeld, "When we lost the puck, the forwards used to say, 'Let the defensemen get it back.' Now we have all five players going on defense. Marcel has us thinking alike."

Pronovost, a slow, brooding man who says nothing lightly, compares Edwards to some of the great ones of his day. "He reminds me a lot of Glenn Hall, with his butterfly style," Pronovost says. "But like [Johnny] Bower, he'll give you a hole, then take it away, and he has quick hands, like [Terry] Sawchuk."

Remarkably, Edwards, whose Uncle Roy played goal for Detroit and Pitts- burgh a few years back, did not goaltend in organized hockey until he was 13. "My father wouldn't let me in the goal until I proved I could skate," he says. "He didn't disapprove, he just knew the value of skating to a goalie."

Consequently, Edwards looks very lit- tle like a six-by-four when he plays. He is small (5' 9", 157 pounds) and active in the manner of a Rogation Vachon, chal- lenging shooters, cutting down angles, dropping into his butterfly. His style re- minds Imlach of Roger Crozier, whose autobiography, *Daredevil Goalie*, is the only book Edwards has ever read cover to cover (he did so three times). Like Glenn Hall, Crozier is remembered as much for his weak stomach as for his ac- robatic play, an affliction Donnie Dark does not share with his childhood idols.

"All NHL goalies have fear," Edwards says. "You know the puck can hurt you. But you have to get a kind of killer in- stinct. You don't want anyone to beat you, and you'll do anything imaginable to stop them. If it takes your head, you'll stop it with your head."

When Desjardins stopped one with his eye last February, Edwards got his

continued

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## HOCKEY continued

chance. Called up from Hershey that day, he wished Al Smith, Desjardins' backup, good luck following the warm-ups before a game against Minnesota.

"You don't know?" said Smith.

"Know what?"

"You're playing tonight."

"No, I, er, didn't know," Edwards stammered, pulling his socks back up.

Smith quit the team that night. "They were stuck with me then," Edwards says. He responded to the pressure by beating Minnesota and Toronto back to back, allowing two goals in each game. It was Imlach's decision to start the untested Edwards over Smith.

"I took flak from the players and media at the time," Imlach says, "but it was the right decision. They have to say so now, but they didn't then. Edwards has got lots of confidence in himself and is willing to go out and prove it to you, which are the intangibles that can make a goaltender great. He proves it every game. They can talk about [the New York Islanders'] Mike Bossy for Rookie of the Year all they want, even if he scores 50 goals, but Edwards wins games for you. Bossy doesn't win 50 games for you. A goaltender some nights is 80% of your team. In playoff hockey he is 80% of your team. A forward like Bossy isn't going to score enough goals for you to win every night, but a goaltender can stop enough shots for you to win every night. There's a helluva difference. If knowledgeable hockey people were doing the voting, the kid would win the rookie award hands down."

Imlach pauses. "I'll tell you a story about Donnie," he says. "He was in here last summer, down in the mouth about losing four straight to the Islanders in the playoffs, and he was looking for some encouragement, so he and his wife could buy a house. So I pretty much told him that he'd earned a job, that it was his to keep, that we were happy enough. That perks him up, and he asks me, 'Punch, how long are you going to be around here because I'm going to win the Stanley Cup for you?' I had to look over at the kid twice. In all my years nobody had ever promised to win the cup. Even in Toronto, where we won a few. So I told him he'd better hurry up then and win it, 'cause I couldn't wait too long."

"Darndest thing is, he might just be the kid to do it."

By getting out the six-by-four and standing it up, Stonessville.

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## It's June in midwinter

*Charles Town and Shenandoah Downs are a far cry from Hialeah, but June Johnson, one of the nation's top trainers, thrives on these weather-beaten tracks*

It is 6 a.m. and so cold (12°) it almost hurts to breathe. The sun rose at 5:37, but it's overcast and pitch black outside. June Johnson, sensibly dressed in three layers of clothing topped by a goose-down jacket, steps into the tack room at the end of Barn 15 at West Virginia's Charles Town Race Track and switches on the electric heater and teapot. In that

order, "This is warm," she says. "A couple of weeks ago it was 3°. We had so much snow we couldn't take the horses out, so we just walked them around the shed row." She sips her tea and hangs the day's training schedule on a length of clothesline. 40 horses to be walked, ponied or galloped. The stable help starts drifting in about 6:30. She has eight peo-

ple working for her as grooms and exercise riders, but she never knows if they'll all show up. Some work for a week or two and quit. Others are constantly late and in the end are fired. It's a problem getting good help. "Some days," she says, "I come tearing in here, slam the door, sit down and count to 10."

Barn 15 at Charles Town is headquarters for the public stable operated by June Johnson. Under these less-than-ideal conditions, the 31-year-old Canadian trainer came out a winner last year. Not only did she win most of the training honors at Charles Town, but she also was ranked 10th nationally for races won, the first woman trainer ever to make the top 10. Her horses started 538 times, won 136 races and earned \$282,675, which is more than 70% of the average daily handle wagered at this track. Right now she ranks second to old rival Henry Mercer at the winter meeting at nearby Shenandoah Downs, but is confident of catching up to and passing him by the time the meet ends on April 1. She and her husband Wade own Cripple Creek, two miles down the road, a 15-acre spread with a handful of horses. She says, "We call it that because there is a creek, and I guess the rest describes the horses we've got."

Wade, who is 65, turned the running of the stable over to her at the end of 1976 because of ill health and considers himself semi-retired. But he's outside the barn every morning, sitting in a red and white pickup truck, the heater going full blast, keeping a sharp eye on things. "A lot of people resent working for a woman," he says. "When I'm around, it kind of takes the heat off of June, and the help pays her some mind. I want to give her all the help I can so she'll be all set when I'm gone." Wade is from Lawton, Okla., and he started out training quarter horses, racing them at places like Ruidoso Downs in New Mexico and Los Alamitos in California. He got so good at it that he was named the world's leading quarter horse trainer in 1956. He also trained a red roan named Go Man Go that was quarter horse of the year three times in a row. Wade switched to thoroughbreds in 1958 and now June has taken over, under his professional eye she has become a first-rate trainer.

The Charles Town and Shenandoah tracks are separated by a two-lane strip of asphalt and are almost identical, except that the former is a three-quarter-mile oval and the latter is five-eighths.

*continued*

*Much of Johnson's time is spent tending the aches and pains of the many claimers in her stable*



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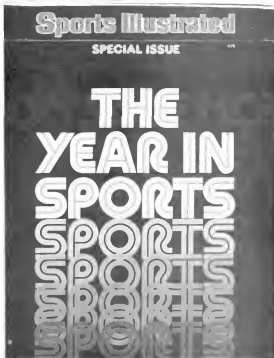


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There are 27 women trainers and 20 women jockeys at the two tracks, which are obviously equal-opportunity employers. The tracks also are the home of \$2,000 claimers that are variously described as muckrats and cripples, not to mention the halt and the lame. Anyone genuinely concerned about animals that are forced to race on sore or crooked legs, might consider the time it takes to travel the short distance to Front Royal, Va., 30 miles away—where one of the major industries is a glue factory. Care is taken to make the horses at Charles Town and Shenandoah Downs as comfortable as possible and bring them up to racing condition. In addition to hay and oats, they are given an almost steady diet of Butazolidin, an anti-inflammatory and analgesic drug, and Lasix, used to prevent bleeding. They also spend a good deal of time hooked up to electric ice machines, which reduce the swelling in their front legs. If they don't win races, their trainers go hungry. And the going rate to train and feed one horse is from \$8 to \$14 a day. The trainer also gets 10% of purse money. For most, it's a marginal existence. At Charles Town or Shenandoah Downs, a horse has to win five \$2,000 races just to maintain itself. That doesn't happen often. Most are lucky to win three or four races a year. The claiming business is like a big game of checkers—I claim one of your horses today, you grab one of mine tomorrow, then let's see which one of us can turn a losing horse into a winner and make some money.

June has horses stabled in three different barns, and she makes the rounds several times a day, like an old-time doctor making house calls. She ducks into a stall, runs a hand over a horse's puffed and knobby leg and says, "Now here's a knee for you. One of our owners claimed her in Maryland. Thanks he knows all about horses. We raced her once and just hope she's claimed next time we run her." She moves to another horse, feeling knees and ankles, giving the grooms instructions. "Put this one on the ice machine, fix the bandages on that one and don't forget to give him some Bute." She walks over to Wade's truck to confer with him. "Let's have the vet take a blood sample here. We've got to get the blacksmith to fix the shoes on that one. He cut himself in last night's race."

One of the exercise riders shows up late once too often and June fires her. Another hassle. June saddles up and walks

one of the horses over to the Shenandoah strip to gallop him. The track is muddy and deep on the backstretch, and there are treacherous holes along one part, caused by freezing and thawing. This hardly disturbs her. She knows about racetracks like these firsthand. Back in July 1972 she put on jockey silks and rode her first race at Charles Town, finishing second by a short head. A few more rides convinced her this was not what she wanted to do. She says, "I just wanted to know I'd tried it, but I couldn't take having to keep my weight down. It was too hard."

At 8 a.m. weekdays she leaves the barn to go home and get her 6-year-old daughter Kerry (from a previous marriage) up and ready for school. June makes breakfast and packs a lunch for her. The walls of the den are covered with ribbons, and there is a cupboard full of silverware June has won showing horses. It's her first love, and she enters show competitions every chance she gets, taking Kerry, who rides in the six-and-under age classes. Kerry has won some ribbons of her own. June takes her to the bus stop and waits until she is safely aboard the school bus. Then it's back to the barn. There are no spreading chestnut trees or oaks in the stable area. There are no trees at all. There isn't even grass. The barns are cinder block with plastic sheets tacked up to keep the wind out. They are surround-

ed by asphalt, mud, water and manure. There are no hot walkers, either. The horses are cooled out on motor-driven walking machines, which look like horizontal windmills and can hold six horses apiece. Your fancy Eastern trainer wouldn't be caught dead putting his expensive thoroughbreds on these merry-go-rounds. But at tracks like these they're essential. They cut costs.

The morning routine ends with the feeding of the horses at 11 o'clock. Then everyone gets to go home and collapse. Except June. She goes home all right, but her work continues. There is the bookkeeping to be done and the business of claiming. Her owners trust her completely when it comes to claiming horses for them. It takes a good eye and a lot of research. She studies breeding and past performances to see how a particular horse has been running. "It's all competition and trying to prove your skill as a trainer," she says. "You claim a horse to see if you can improve his performance and make some money with him. There are some people you never claim from. They're the ones who'll buy a horse on its way to the glue factory for \$75, put him in a \$2,000 claimer and hope you'll claim him so they can make a quick profit. You also never claim from someone with horses in the same barn as yours because it wouldn't be fair. You can see each other's horses, their flaws and leg

continued



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## HORSE RACING *Continued*

problems that are covered with bandages at the track."

She tunes the TV to soap operas while doing the books. She recognizes the voices of the characters so well she doesn't have to watch the shows. She says Wade follows them more closely than she does. Everyone is due to return to the barn by 3 p.m., and the battle waged against injuries continues until 4:30, when the horses are fed again. Those entered in that evening's races (post time is 7:15) are given special attention. Their legs are iced, their manes are pulled, they are groomed and curried and given a booster of Butazolidin.

One-third of the horses and most of the bettors are ship-ins from out of state. The bettors come in from Maryland, Washington, D.C. and Virginia, an hour-or-two trip. They are attracted by the exotic wagering the track offers. In addition to the Daily Double, there are the Little Exacts, the Big Exacts and the Trifectas. The average daily attendance is around 4,500. They bet an average daily handle of a little more than \$400,000.

But things are not going well for Charles Town and Shenandoah Downs. The trouble started last May when the U.S. Government decided to levy a 20% federal withholding tax on pari-mutuel wagering throughout the nation. It has adversely affected all American race-tracks, but is especially burdensome to the smaller ovals that depend heavily on income from exotic wagers and therefore feel the bite proportionately more. Moreover, Virginia recently voted approval of a referendum on pari-mutuel racing. The plan is to build two race-tracks in that state, which means a great many bettors could be spending their money at home. Then there's the coal strike. Because of power shortages, Shenandoah had been forced to cut racing to four nights a week, with the number of races reduced from 10 to nine on week-nights and from 13 to 10 on Saturdays. West Virginia horse-racing people are trying to get the state legislature to approve Sunday racing, but so far it's been a losing battle. And as if all this were not enough, Shenandoah has been obliged to cancel 14 programs at the current meeting because of snow. June Johnson continues to hold her own, but she says, "If they do close us down here, I'll move to Virginia or somewhere else where there's racing all year round. I just want to keep on training forever." **END**

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The background of the page is a photograph of a desk and bookshelves. The desk is covered with various papers, some of which are white and others pink. A book with a red cover is visible among the papers. In the background, there are several bookshelves filled with books. The lighting is somewhat dim, creating a moody atmosphere.

# Coach, You're Fired!

In the year of the pink slip, Paul Wiggins of the Kansas City Chiefs was the first of 10 NFL head coaches to be out on the street. In time six of his assistants were released, too. Three have found work, but Wiggins and the others are still looking for the right job

by Ron Reid





## Fired!

continued



Carolynn Wiggins (second from left) gave Lamar Hunt an earful when he came to express regrets.

Last Oct. 31, Paul Wiggins, the coach of the Kansas City Chiefs, was fired. It was Halloween, when things go bump in the night, but for Wiggins horror struck in the morning. Summoned to a 10:30 a.m. meeting by K.C. President Jack Steadman, Wiggins unexpectedly was greeted by Lamar Hunt, the team's owner, who just 8½ hours earlier had decided to give Wiggins his walking papers. At the very moment Wiggins heard his fate, his wife Carolynn was playing tennis with Steadman's wife Martha, who knew—but hadn't told Carolynn—that the Chiefs were firing her husband that morning.

Steadman, whose association with the Chiefs began when he was an accountant for Hunt's Penrod Oil Co., had written down the things he planned to tell Wiggins on Hunt's behalf—step by step, like so many debits. Among them was: "Paul, it's getting rough out there and it's going to get vicious before it's over, and because of that we're going to make a coaching change." The news of Wiggins' dismissal triggered an outburst of emotion throughout the Chiefs' Arrow-

head Stadium offices. Secretaries, PR men, assistant coaches and players were shocked. Many wept. When the news got out, Mona Campbell, the switchboard operator, was besieged by calls from irate fans; Wiggins, they said, was a martyr. Letters received by the Chiefs and the *Kansas City Star* almost unanimously lauded the immensely popular Wiggins and rapped management, even though the Chiefs were 1-6 at the time and Wiggins was leaving with an 11-24 record for his 2½ seasons.

The day before, the Chiefs had been drubbed by Cleveland 44-7, a particularly humiliating defeat for Wiggins, who was a standout defensive end for the Browns during his 11-year playing career. Nevertheless, Wiggins' firing was promptly labeled a panic move. At the start of the season, the K.C. management and coaching staff had prepared the local media, as well as the fans, for the inevitable: 1977 would be another lean year for the Chiefs. Not only was Kansas City saddled with the NFL's toughest schedule but its 43-man roster also included 27 players with less than four years' ex-

perience in the pros. Worst of all, the Chiefs were still suffering from six straight terrible drafts conducted by Wiggins' predecessor, Hank Stram, who himself would soon be fired as the head coach of the New Orleans Saints.

Kansas City's fortunes ebbed after its stunning victory over Minnesota in the 1970 Super Bowl. The six subsequent drafts produced an abundance of stiffs, one convicted felon and only five players who remain on the Chiefs' roster. Stram compounded his ruinous drafts with equally horrendous trades, most notably one which sent Defensive Lineman Curley Culp and a No. 1 draft choice to Houston for Defensive Lineman John Matuszak, who played only a season and a half in Kansas City before being peddled for two draft choices, neither a No. 1. Another first-round choice was wasted in a deal for George Seals, a defensive lineman who played just five games in a Chiefs uniform. In effect, Stram's blunders cost Wiggins his job.

"The tragedy for me was that I was fired in the middle of the year," Wiggins says with bitterness. "I wasn't even good enough to finish out the season. And I did a lot of things right. I'd like to do a lot of things over again, but there isn't a guy in America who wouldn't. I hit the bullet during a very tough time in this team's history. If someone someday says, 'Paul, you played a part in the return to glory of the Kansas City Chiefs,' I'm not going to modestly say, 'Bull.' You're damn right I did."

In hiring Wiggins, the Chiefs had purposely selected a man diametrically opposed to the pompous and arrogant Stram, who had coached the team for 15 seasons. Credibility and faith in the team's future were of prime importance to the franchise, because when Wiggins was signed, the Chiefs seemed to be headed nowhere. The fans had been turned off. In fact, season-ticket sales had fallen from 72,885 to 65,564 during the last three years of Stram's regime.

The 43-year-old Wiggins, whose long suits are honesty and candor, was hired

on Jan. 23, 1975. He was promised patience and three drafts by Hunt and Steadman. When Wiggins's first two Kansas City teams limped home with 5-9 records, Hunt and Steadman reaffirmed their "patience and three drafts" commitment by adding three years to Wiggins's contract at \$65,000 per year, plus perquisites. Seven games later, the promise was broken.

"If only I hadn't been fired off a sheet of paper," Wiggins says, shaking his head. "When you're dealing with a human being, you should look him in the eye. You don't have to write down why you fired a guy. You better know why you fired him. I'm still wondering, really, why was I fired? What did I do to get fired? I'd like to know."

"I felt I was in total control of my emotions when it happened. I didn't cry or beg or ask for a press conference. I just sat there and accepted it. I did tell them that some of the problems I was being fired for happened long before I ever got there, I said, 'I know one thing, nothing I say is going to get my job back. I just want to say what I feel.' Then I was kind of sent to my room. I asked them, 'What do you want me to do?' Do you want me to go home? Do you want me to stay?' And they said, 'Do whatever you want.'"

Wiggins returned to his office, an opulent, paneled suite that Srani had had designed to his specifications. The office hardly suited Wiggins's temperament or taste. Of a mirror on the wall, a newsmen once said, "Henry used that to check his necktie; Wig uses it to see if his shirt is tucked in." Wiggins collected his personal effects and packed up the log he had kept while he was with the Chiefs. He wryly noted that the last page in the last binder was dated Oct. 31.

Had Wiggins left Arrowhead immediately, a full-scale player revolt might have erupted. Angered and hurt by Hunt's decision to fire their coach, the players were placated only when Tom Bettis, the defensive assistant who had been with the club since 1966, agreed to take over as interim coach. Like many others, however, Bettis's initial reaction was emotional. When he learned of the firing, Bettis came into Wiggins's office with tears in his eyes. "Paul, I'm going with you," Bettis said. Wiggins said, "It doesn't do you any good to go with me, Tom. I just sat in a meeting where people said they were

going to honor my contract. If you walk out the door, they don't honor anything. You're 43 years old and I think you've got to take this chance."

Recalling that conversation and the cavalier manner in which Bettis and the rest of Wiggins's old staff were axed less than two months later at the end of K.C.'s 2-12 season, Wiggins says, "I probably did Tom a disservice, but I really believed he could be the coach of the Chiefs for five or 10 years. I think if anything really hurt me, it was the chance they didn't give Tom Bettis. I believed Lamar was a better person than that."

As Wiggins packed his things, the Chiefs players, alone or in twos and threes, came by to express their regrets. Center Jack Rudnay cried, and so did linebacker Jimbo Elrod. Jim Lynch, the 10-year linebacker, wanted to quit on the spot, but Wiggins dissuaded him. Wiggins will never forget the reaction of Jim Nicholson, a 275-pound tackle best known for his vicious play.

"He came into my office," Wiggins says, "and he just stood there and started to cry. Picture a 6' 6" guy with a beard crying. I went over to him and said, 'Nick, don't you feel bad. You paid the price. You did everything I ever asked

you to do.' And with that, he threw his arms around me and gave me a kiss on the cheek. He continued to cry, and then he kind of let me go, mumbled something and went out the door. It was the strangest period, maybe two minutes, where a guy expressed his emotions and never said a word. It was quite an experience."

The Kansas City players later issued a statement that said they were "... shocked and saddened with what has happened here today. Every man on this football team feels a deep sense of guilt for the actions that were taken. It is our fault that we lost a fine man and a great individual—Paul Wiggins. One of the great crimes in life is to have someone else suffer the consequences of your own actions. We feel this is the case today."

Later that day Hunt and Steadman held a press conference to explain Wiggins's dismissal. "We've decided in the best interests of the Kansas City Chiefs to make a coaching change," Hunt said. "We've been disappointed in the progress of the team and, in my opinion, we were no longer on a course toward the top. Paul Wiggins was a very positive factor not only for the Chiefs but, I believe, for all of sports in Kansas City. He gave

*continued*



Tom Bettis wishes he had demanded a one-year contract when he became K.C.'s interim head coach

# Fired!

continued



the Chiefs' credibility and helped us through a very trying period. [But] we're dedicated toward making the Chiefs the best and we were no longer making satisfactory progress in that direction."

Most of the assembled newsmen, whom Steadman later called "a lynch mob," reacted sharply.

"Whose decision was this?" asked one.

"The people involved were myself, Jack Steadman and Jim Schaaf [the Chiefs' general manager]," Hunt said.

"Who broached the subject?"

"It was not something that came overnight. It's not losing six out of seven games, but we lost something somewhere and we felt as a management group, we felt something was missing."

"What was missing?"

"I can only say there was something missing and it wasn't only one thing."

"You've had patience, and this move comes as close to panic as any," said Bruce Rice, the KCMO broadcaster who also is the Chiefs' color commentator on radio. "When Wiggins was hired, you said he was three drafts away from being a

contender and now you've only given him two drafts."

"I don't think we're any drafts away from respectable football," Hunt said. "Frankly, the team wasn't on a respectable course."

"Did you waver in your rebuilding philosophy?"

"It was the philosophy of the Kansas City Chiefs, and I'm still not wavering from that. I'm not happy this decision had to be made. I couldn't say enough nice things about Paul Wiggins... [but] I think we've got to improve our talent. In two more drafts I think we'll have the talent. Somewhere we were missing that leadership factor, I think Tom Bettis will give us that factor."

Then Steadman spoke. "It was a decision we as a management group made together. I... you... can sit and analyze every aspect of our head coach's leadership and after a while you analyze yourself out of answers. It was obvious we weren't playing with the desire and intensity needed in the NFL. Somewhere along the way something happened. We can't answer what happened, but it's fairly evident we weren't making progress these last five weeks."

The firing created a sad scene in the Wiggins household that night. Carolyn broke the news to the Wiggins' daughters—Kymberly, 16, Kristyn, 14 and Kellie, 10—when she picked them up at school. "When I got home," Paul says, "it was very emotional, because everyone just broke down. I tried not to, and at that point I didn't. I tried to explain that you take the philosophic approach that everything happens for the best. But they just didn't understand because all the feedback my children got was that 'My daddy is doing a good job.' This was from their friends, which is really a pretty good barometer, because while adults generally tend to be diplomatic, children are honest."

"It was interesting. In the 300-plus letters I got from people, most of whom I didn't know, a lot of them said, 'Your children will encounter some cruelty.' Not once did any member of my family come across any form of cruelty. The only one who had any problem at all was my youngest girl, and that was self-inflicted. When she went to school the next day, she stood outside and wouldn't go into the room. The teacher went out and

continued

*Chief Franklin calls around the league seeking employment. Hope Pratt prepares for the move to New Orleans, where husband Tom landed*



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## Fired!

continued



Twice a fired head coach himself, Jack Christensen was welcomed home by O.J., Steve Ottmeyer has a front-office job in Oakland.



brought her in—and the other kids all kind of rallied around her. They made her a hero."

For reasons known only to himself, Lamar Hunt visited the Wiggins home on Halloween night. Wiggins guesses now that Hunt wanted to justify the firing, but neither his reasons nor his resolve were any match for Carolyn Wiggins.

"My wife tore into him," Wiggins says, "and he didn't handle it at all. He got up, walked away and left. She just wanted to know why. Simply, the repetitive why. 'Why you, Lamar? The guy who put together the AFL. The guy who had the guts to hang in and stick to his principles. Why you?' Lamar didn't say anything."

The next morning Carolyn, who volunteers at the Prairie School library on Tuesdays, was reluctant to leave home because Paul seemed disturbingly calm.

"I was really on a kind of low high," he says. "All the adrenaline was flowing, but I was trying to be what I thought was a real man. I told her, 'I'm fine. I've got it under control.'"

Carolyn went to the library. Paul went upstairs to shower, and then, in the empty house, his iron resolve cracked.

"I just broke down and cried," Wiggins says. "It wasn't like me. I'm kind of

an emotional person, but I tend to express it in the good times. I always believed a winner was a guy who cried when he won, not when he lost. I guess there was so much inside. I just reached the point where I broke down. From that point on, I started looking at the good side of things, I guess."

Answering mail helped cheer Wiggins; he replied to each of the letters he received. Phone calls from NFL friends also bolstered him.

Paul Brown, who coached Wiggins in Cleveland, called to say of Hunt and Steadman, "Well, you know, Paul, neither of them has ever worn a jockstrap."

"That was his lead-in," Wiggins says, chuckling. "He also said, 'Paul, you're going to be all right. Just sit tight, keep your mouth shut and don't say anything. Just relax and everything's going to be all right.' So I said, 'What makes you think everything's going to be all right?' And he said, 'Because I'm on your side.'"

Browns owner Art Modell, who later would fire Forrest Gregg as his head coach, called to tell Wiggins that Hunt's firing him was "preposterous."

Wiggins's neighbors rallied behind him, too, and, reacting as if there had been a death in the family, they deluged the Wiggins household with food. A few nights later the Wiggins and three other couples went to dinner at Antoine's on The Boulevard. When Paul walked in, the patrons gave him a standing ovation.

The most wrenching adjustment for a fired coach is learning to cope with idle time. The job of head coach can consume 20 hours a day and is crammed with planning, meetings, practice and other tasks.

"It almost gets to be a love affair between you and your players and your team," Wiggins says. "You've got to love what you're doing, because it gets to be so much a part of your life. It especially became that way with us because when things aren't going the way you want, you're struggling to find the pride you have for the organization you represent. Particularly for your players, you try to find a way to win."

"It's not the winners who are doing a good job. They've got the goose laying the golden eggs. It's that poor bastard who can't get that goose to lay anything, who's dying and working and going through an inner search with himself,

continued

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Joe Spencer stays in K.C. with new Coach Levy

daily, trying to find out "What can I do to get a win this week?" You find yourself obsessed with that. It becomes such an ungrained part of your life that when it's taken away, it's a very emotional experience. When I broke down the day after I got fired, the feeling was, 'They took my team away from me.' It was like they had taken one of my children away from me. The day before I was fired, I would have given \$1,000 for a day off. The day after I would have given \$5,000 to be back."

In the NFL, 1977 will be remembered as the year of the pink slip. Eight of the league's 28 head coaches were fired and two others resigned. Because the termination of a head coach usually means his staff is terminated as well, some 75 coaches were looking for new jobs. Of the 10 head coaches, three—George Allen (Redskins), Chuck Knox (Rams) and Jack Pardee (Bears)—have found new head coaching positions. One—Buffalo's Jim Ringo—is now an assistant coach with New England, while another—Cleveland's Gregg—just joined the San Diego staff as offensive line coach. Wiggins, Don Coryell (Cardinals), Tommy Hudspeth (Lions), Kenen Meyer (49ers) and Stram are still out of work.

"It's never been like this year," Wiggins says. "It's become a syndrome, almost like skyjacking. I would be embarrassed for any industry, even, say, the steel business, that in one given year fired almost 40% of the people who make it happen. I can't envision any industry being that far off, or one whose executives

are that limited. I can't believe there are that many inept people in football. It doesn't make sense.

"I'll swear to you the most ridiculous thing that's happened in the last three months in Kansas City is not the firing of Paul Wiggins but the firing of Phil Johnson. He was the coach of the [NBA] Kings. He was Coach of the Year two years ago. I'll bet you if you sat his superiors down and said, 'O.K., guys, you just fired your head coach, Phil Johnson. You fired him in the middle of the season, so evidently there's somebody better. Who's better than Phil Johnson? Somebody give me a name.' Not one of those guys could come up with a name. They fired a guy to fire a guy."

So what's the appeal of coaching?

"I guess everyone thinks he's going to be king of the mountain," Wiggins says. "Or thinks he's going to be Don Shula. It's like politics. Why the hell would anyone want to be President of the United States?"

Wiggins pauses. "The game is a place where I can express Paul Wiggins emotionally. There used to be two pictures on the wall of the 49ers' press room—one of total despair, 20 to 25 people on the sidelines who look like they're witnessing a murder, and right next to it, one of total elation. It represents the spectrum of pro football. And the interesting

thing is that those pictures were taken within a minute of each other. That's the thing I would miss if I were to get out of football. I love that.

"I remember when I quit playing, I had withdrawal pains. Maybe it's the little boy in us. I'm still a little boy. I'm young at heart. I think and I do dumb things at times like little kids do. Maybe that's another reason. And I loved having a team. I loved being part of it, being in the position of fighting it out with somebody. It's a special experience."

Four months after his firing Wiggins still wonders why he was dismissed and ponders what course to take to get another head coaching job. He was not even a "lending" candidate for any of the vacant jobs filled this winter. The NFL rarely offers a second chance to a coach who has more Ls than Ws on his record.

"People have a tendency to say, 'Oh, yeah, he was the coach there. He didn't do very well, did he?'" Wiggins says. "That's something I've got to overcome. The problem is, I'm a damn good football coach. I've got to reestablish that somehow. But I don't know how, and that's a little bit confusing right now. Do you sit tight? What do you do?"

Interim coaches rarely succeed—or even shake their interim designation—in the NFL. So it was for Tom Bettis, one of



B. J. Schnaier is moving her plants to Lion country—Detroit—where husband Bob has found work.



the seven assistants on Wiggins' staff. In accepting the job as Kansas City's interim head coach, Bettis was moved by what he felt was an obligation to the players, a moral obligation to the Chiefs and a trusting belief that Lamar Hunt would give him more than seven games to prove himself.

"I had them by the short hairs and didn't take advantage of it from a contract basis," Bettis says bitterly. "I should have asked them for a one-year contract, but I just couldn't think of myself at that time. It wasn't the way I envisioned getting the opportunity. I believed in people and thought I'd get a fair chance."

He didn't. On Dec. 19, Hunt, Stendman and Schaefer appeared en masse in Bettis' office and advised him that he and the other Chiefs coaches were fired.

Bettis should have known it would happen. The Chiefs had treated him shabbily long before his association with Wiggins, who calls Bettis "the best-kept secret in football." Bettis coached under Stram in K.C., too, and Stram once refused to grant Houston permission to interview Bettis for its then-vacant head coach's job. Bettis heard about the Oilers' request some time later, and he has rarely talked to Stram since.

Now unemployed, Bettis is considering opportunities in business. "Coaching is an unstable situation," he says. "A lot of factors out of your control affect your destiny. I don't know if it's worth it to stay in football at this point. It's like starting over again. Some guys are like nomads, but I don't like that situation. I've been spoiled by being in Kansas City, which my family loves, for 12 years. I can see a lot of pluses in getting out. Just ask yourself: How many assistants are around at age 55?"

When it came, Bettis' firing was almost anticlimactic, but no less painful for his family. "My two daughters came home from college and we discussed where I was going to go," he says. "I wasn't afraid of not getting another football job, and I'm still considering what I'll do. But life goes on. I've always been a positive person and you can't be remorseful too long."

Tom Pratt, 42, deserves a category of his own in the NFL Record Manual. "Most Coaches Worked for One Year." A defensive line coach who had been em-

continued



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ployed by the Chiefs for 15 years, Pratt had Wiggins and Betts fired out from over him last season. In January, Stram signed him to a two-year contract with New Orleans. Stram himself got the ax two weeks later, a few days after Pratt had purchased a home in New Orleans. Pratt eventually was hired by the new coach of the Saints, Dick Nolan. Between his two hirings by the Saints, Pratt lived in a New Orleans motel for almost a month, waiting to plead his case before the new head coach while his family stayed in Kansas City.

It wasn't an easy time for Pratt's wife Hope. Shortly after the FOR SALE sign had gone up on the Pratt's modest home in Kansas City, Stram was fired. Hope was bombarded by phone calls from newsmen, friends and strangers, all of whom wanted to know what would happen to Tom. "I was crying," Hope says, "and really down. And then in the middle of it all, I got a call from some woman who said, 'Hi, I was just driving by your house. How much are you asking for it?'"

"Three hundred thousand dollars," Hope shot back.

"You go into this business with your eyes open and you ride with the head guy," Pratt says. "There are no guarantees. But it's gratifying from the personal standpoint. You realize it's a high or low situation, and that's the way you live. At Kansas City, beating the Oakland Raiders becomes the best thing ever in your life, and losing to Denver—before the Broncos were good—is the absolute lowest. It's a standard you accept. Something like selling insurance never gets you off center quite as much."

Linebacker Coach Chet Franklin, 43, was the most realistic member of the Chiefs' staff, and probably the most confident. "On the day Wiggins was fired," Franklin says, "I knew at that point we were all through in Kansas City regardless of what happened the rest of the way. I just could not see any way that we were going to get the situation turned around to their liking."

Franklin put his house on the market almost immediately, even though he had no job prospects. Although he is still unemployed, Franklin refuses to worry about the insecurity of coaching.

"If you're intelligent in this business, you're aware of the possibility of being

fired," he says. "But to be honest with you, I never thought it would happen to me. Then when it did happen, it gave me an opportunity to evaluate myself, my profession and some other professions which had some interest for me. I think the only kind of security any of us has is in our heads and hands. I've still got a good head and two good hands, so I don't think there will be any problem relocating in football or in something else."

Franklin feels no hostility toward the Chiefs. "I can't go punch somebody in the nose," he says, "and usually that's my reaction if I'm bitter about something. I don't care to be associated with this organization any longer, because some of the things I believed in and worked for weren't a realization. But in a way, I feel sorry for some of the people involved here, because I think some poor judgment has been made and it will come back to haunt them. I think we have paid our dues—and some other people are going to pay theirs down the line. We were just in the wrong place at the right time."

**T**he coach least affected by his Kansas City firing is Jack Christiansen, 48, who handled the Chiefs' offensive backs in 1977, his only year with the club. Christiansen simply left his Kansas City apartment and moved back to the home in Palo Alto, Calif., where his family has lived for 19 years. Christiansen is familiar with firings—he had been fired as head coach by the San Francisco 49ers and Stanford University—and, as he says, "Now it's no big deal. When you get fired, a lot of times it's more disappointing to your wife than to you, but my wife knew when I went into coaching that these things were going to happen. It's become more common today because there are 28 teams in the NFL instead of 10 or 12, and the owners aren't as patient. Now it's run like a business, and when things get tough, they say, 'Well, let's fire the coach.' They do it more quickly today because there's more money involved—a bigger TV package, bigger stadiums and more tickets being sold."

"You could fire every coach who ever worked if you wanted to, for some reason or other. In a lot of cases it's a matter of front-office guys taking the heat off themselves. At Kansas City, we just

didn't have enough players. In the '50s, we had 33 men on a roster and there were only 12 teams. At Detroit, we won the world championship in 1953 with eight guys who shouldn't have been playing. Now there are 45 guys on each of the 28 teams, so you tell me how many guys in the league really can't play."

Christiansen's advice to the fired coach: "Get over the feeling you've been a failure. Concentrate on your accomplishments."

"I got fired at Stanford and I had five straight winning seasons there. Only two coaches in the history of Stanford had five straight winning seasons. One of them was Pop Warner and the other was me. So I don't feel I failed."

For Steve Ortmyer, 34, Kansas City was his first shot at coaching in the NFL, and as a result of what happened last season, possibly his last. Ortmyer, who supervised the Chiefs' special teams, has left the profession by his own choice, moving to Oakland to be director of pro scouting for the Raiders. He assumed that post after rejecting Marv Levy's request that he stay with the Chiefs as an assistant coach.

"This thing that happened to us and all the other coaching situations in the NFL this year certainly have had an effect on the way I look at the coaching profession," Ortmyer says. "The turnover has got to affect your thinking. The reaction to our situation in and out of football was, 'Hey, you guys got screwed.' It was the basic comment of Kansas City. The program had not gone to hell. Fan support was good, attendance was good, team morale was good, and there was nothing really logical about the timing of Paul's firing."

Wiggins is one of Ortmyer's closest friends. "I'd follow Paul into the mouth of a cannon," Ortmyer says.

The firing stunned Ortmyer. "I had problems sleeping at night," he says. "This may seem strange, but for three or four days I didn't get to sleep until almost four in the morning. Then I'd wake up at 7 a.m., and sometimes as I got into the shower I'd think, 'Hey, this is just a normal day. Nothing's ever happened. Everything's just like it was.' Then I'd realize it wasn't. It was like living in a bad dream for about a week."

Ortmyer claims that Wiggins and the

continued

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## Fired!

continued

Chiefs' staff were victimized by the front office's loss of faith in its own philosophy. According to plan, trades that might have brought immediate help were vetoed in favor of building through the draft and coaching the younger players.

"If you were told at the start of the season that you had to win four games by the midway point," Ortmyer says, "then you'd know that by the middle of the season you'd better have won four games. But that wasn't our objective. We followed the [rebuilding] program to the letter. And all of a sudden it strikes you that no matter what the program is professed to be, the won-lost record is the bottom line."

As a result of a conversation between Wiggins and Mary Levy, the former head coach of the Montreal Alouettes whom the Chiefs hired as their new head coach on Dec. 27, 53-year-old Joe Spencer will coach the Kansas City offensive line again next season. He is the only assistant retained from Wiggins' staff.

Levy's original plan was to hire no one from the Wiggins-Bettis regime, but he changed his mind after discussing the team with Wiggins while both men were flying from New Orleans to Kansas City after Super Bowl XII. They agreed that the Chiefs now had an enormous morale problem, which might be mitigated if the fatherly and folksy Spencer, who has been in football for 34 years, should stay. He has coached teams such as the Super Bowl champion Jets and the late Chicago Fire of the late NFL, and he also spent five years with the Oilers under five different head coaches.

"Joe's a daddy to his players," Wiggins told Levy, "and they love him. In fact, you'll probably be hearing from some of them asking you to hire Joe." Levy did—and did.

Levy's change of heart understandably pleased Spencer. "My furniture's got wheels on it, and when the moving van comes by, it all rolls to the front door," Spencer says. "But I'm getting up in age now and I'm through moving. This is my last one, the end of the trail. I've had one opportunity to be a head coach in pro football. I turned it down because I wasn't ready. As the years went by, I wanted to be the best offensive line coach in the country. And I was when the Jets won the Super Bowl in 1969. So one of

my goals has been reached already. Most head coaches don't have a whole lot of time to coach. I don't like the meetings and all the other things they have to contend with."

Bob Schnelker, 49, was a Chiefs offensive assistant and the loner on the staff. At the time of Wiggins' firing, Schnelker feared his career might end with the 1977 season. "The big thing is getting another job," Schnelker says. "You're a little scared about your chances of landing one, especially when you've been in the game as long as I have—24 years. There's the chance that people may think you're getting too old. It's a little frightening. You've worked all this long in the game and yet you have no seniority. A lot of times getting another job depends more on who you know than what you know—and that's frightening, too."

After spending hours by his telephone, Schnelker had his fears put to rest when he landed an assistant's job under new Head Coach Monte Clark in Detroit. "The idle time is one of the worst things about being fired," Schnelker says. "We were fired on Dec. 19, but I wasn't able to enjoy the time off. I had to sit here because I couldn't afford to miss one phone call."

The Detroit job will be the fifth assistant's position in Schnelker's 15-year coaching career. "We wondered about coming to Kansas City three years ago," he says. "Then we got used to this neighborhood and grew to love it. Now we have to move again. The one thing about my family, though, is that we've been able to adjust."

The wife of one of Wiggins' assistants, no doubt contemplating a new address, summed up the feeling of the Kansas City staff after the final game of the year in Arrowhead Stadium. The Chiefs had just lost to Seattle. All the coaches knew their days were numbered, and gloom prevailed as the wives gathered in a stadium office to await their husbands' arrival from the dressing room. For her part, though, Lamar Hunt's wife Norma was a model of effusive good cheer as she showered the women with Texas platitudes. Finally, as she left she said to the coaches' wives, "We'll be seein' ya."

"Hardly likely," sniffed a not-so-cheerful wife.

END

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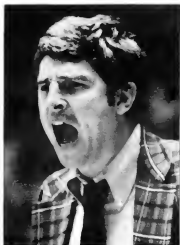
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# As I See It

by WILLIAM ZIMMER

## THE SUBJECT OF BIORHYTHMS PUT ONE FAN'S EMOTIONAL CURVE AT A NEW LOW

I knew I was in trouble as a sports fan when I saw a newspaper article last fall about Chris Evert's biorhythms. It ran on the morning of the women's tennis finals at Forest Hills, and in its first paragraph expressed doubts about Chris' chances "because her biorhythms are changing for the worse."

The article went on to explain that biorhythms are separate physical, emotional and mental cycles—of 23 days, 28 days and 33 days, respectively—that are supposedly determined at birth and may affect a person's performance on a given day. The biorhythm chart compiled for Chris showed that her physical curve had just shifted from "recharge" to "lower" and her mental state from "high" to "change."

Well, I had seen the word "biorhythms" before—it's one of those pseudo-scientific terms that hover in the American air—but I had never seen it in the sports pages, and I never wanted to see it there again. I suspected, however, that this was an impossible dream—and it was. Since that portentous morning I have been made privy to the metabolic secrets of football players, basketball players, baseball players, coaches and even racehorses.

I've been told that I will be foolish to go to the ball park this summer without a copy of Bernard Gittelsohn's *Biorhythm Sports Forecasting*, which lists the birth dates and biorhythm codes of 5,000 athletes. If I see one of my heroes slinding confidently to the plate—bases full, two out—when the book says he is having a "critical" day, I should go for a beer and spare myself the anguish of watching him pop up to the infield.

I'm not saying that I don't believe in biorhythms. All of us have days when we "get up on the wrong side of bed" (I keep my bed away from the wall for just this purpose) and other days when we could "lick our weight on wildcats" (people are always turning up at my door with

135 pounds' worth of wildcats). I'm willing to believe that physical, emotional and mental energies rise and fall with a certain regularity.

I read last fall that Jim Marshall, the Minnesota Vikings' defensive end, had a triple critical day (all three cycles bobbing around zero) when he made his elegant wrong-way run in 1964. Conversely, I saw that Walter Payton of the Bears was "riding a triple high" when he set his NFL single-game rushing record of 275 yards against the Vikings. I also remember a chart that ran in *The New York Times* last fall showing the biorhythmical status of Woody Hayes, Ohio State's football coach, on the afternoon his team was losing to Michigan and he punched a TV cameraman. Woody was at the bottom of what the chart called his "intellectual curve," and his emotional curve was veering downward. Of course, a skeptic might say that Woody was just acting normal.

Still, I'm not knocking biorhythms. I just don't want to hear about them. If I see a football player running in the wrong direction I'll know he's having a bad day. I'd rather not consult the code book and spend the whole afternoon waiting for Joe Triple Critical to grab a fumble and sprint toward his own goal line. I want to enjoy my sports for the beauty of their execution and for whatever surprises they may bring.

This is no longer easy. Biorhythms are only the latest of the new barriers between me and the game. There is also medical news to be processed. Today nobody can hope to be a sports fan unless he has a working knowledge of orthopedic drizzly. I'm also not ready for all the high finance that is thrust at me. Since baseball's hired hands were legally sprung from bondage I have often opened the sports section and thought I had stumbled into the business pages by mistake. And I resent the emotional squall, I was astonished to read that George (Boomer) Scott of the Red Sox told Manager Don Zimmer that he couldn't play because he was "not mentally prepared." Well, Boomer, neither am I. I'm not mentally prepared to keep track of who isn't mentally prepared.

Add biorhythms to this bubbling vat of broken bones and swollen wallets and bruised psyches and we are all in trouble. I see baseball managers hunched over their players' charts ("Say, Harry,

you got today's biorhythm codes?") studying the upward and downward curves, accentuating the positive and benching the negative. I can hear the pre-game TV interview:

"Why did you decide to go with Catfish this afternoon instead of Gundry?"

"Ron has a double critical today but he should be ready by Thursday. He's entering his positive phase tonight."

"How about Messersmith?"

"Andy's above the baseline in all three cycles, but I want to hold him till tomorrow when his emotional curve is higher."

"So Catfish looks the strongest?"

"Definitely. You can see for yourself in Gittelsohn's book."

"Last time he started he didn't have good stuff."

"Yeah, I blame myself for that. I knew that his physical cycle had shifted down from recharge. But his mental cycle was high."

"So you're looking to see a good fast-ball out there this afternoon?"

"I definitely am."

"How about his curve?"

"They're all up."

I also expect to be surrounded by this kind of talk at the ball park.

"Why'd he hold up at second? He could have made third easy."

"The guy's at zero on his emotional curve. There's no way he's going to try for third."

"Martin should take him out of the lineup when his bios are bad."

"So who else should he play? Billy's doing his best with the biorhythms he's got. There's no better manager when it comes to platooning your different cycles."

As it turned out, Chris Evert won at Forest Hills last fall despite the forecast of biorhythmical doom. And I'll bet Babe Ruth hit at least half of his 60 home runs in 1927 on days when his cycles were down. As for Dizzy Dean when he won 30 games in 1934, I don't even want to think about his mental curve. Did Ted Williams always feel great? Did Joe DiMaggio?

Was Reggie Jackson riding a triple high when he hit three home runs in the last game of the World Series? My guess is that he wasn't. I could look it up, if I had Gittelsohn's book. But I don't. And I'm not going to get it.

END

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## NEW CHAMPION

Sir

Pat Putnam's article on the Ali-Spinks fight (*He's the Greatest, I'm the Best*, Feb. 27) sent chills up and down my spine. Could any man have defeated Muhammad Ali and accepted the WBC belt more gallantly than Leon Spinks did—first, by thanking the Lord for his victory and then by pointing out that, although he is now the best, his man Ali is still the greatest? In my mind Leon Spinks is a first-class world champion.

SEAN MADDEN  
Cincinnati

Sir

I applaud Pat Putnam for his sensitivity. He praised and honored the new champion while reminding us that the man Spinks beat is a good individual whose dignity can never be taken away from him. The article was written from the heart and touched the hearts of those who read it.

ASHLEY SAUNDERS  
Manchester, Conn.

Sir

Doesn't it seem possible that somewhere in the script of the incredible life of Muhammad Ali there is a chapter telling how he came back against all odds to win the title for an unprecedented third time? You gotta believe!

PAUL LASECKI  
Anaheim, Calif.

Sir

I am a Muhammad Ali fan, and always will be, but I feel no regret after his loss to Leon Spinks. My only regret is that there are still some people who will not accept Ali or his legend. Those who have magnified his faults and defeats and belittled his accomplishments are the true losers. Through their ignorance they have been unable to appreciate the greatest fighter ever and a kind man who has given much of himself in the ring.

TOM MILLER  
Atlanta

## OLD PROS

Sir

Walter Bingham's article *Let's Ring Out the Old and Ring in the New* (Feb. 27) was very well done. I hope Jim Fennel and his over-the-hill buddies will realize that they are only defeating the game by continuing to compete in the major golf tournaments once they are past their prime. They should step aside and give young players like Dave Nevill and Curtis Strange a chance to prove their competitiveness.

MIKE WALLACE  
Warsaw, Ind.

Sir

As a former high school bench warmer in some sports and a star in others, I offer a solution to the PGA's dilemma. Allow pros with lifetime exemptions to participate in any tournament simply by informing the PGA of their intentions four to six weeks in advance of the tournament and then expand the field to accommodate them. The young players need a break; the former stars need respect.

WILLIAM KUNG JR.  
Huntsville, Ala.

Sir

Why does a pro golf tournament have to have exactly 144 spots? If an old pro wants to play, let him, but continue to leave 144 spots for "active" players. If five old players show up, start the tournament with 149. Such an adjustment should not be too difficult for the PGA to handle.

GARRY TAGG  
Dayton

## EAST IS EAST, AND...

Sir

Anchorage, Alaska in the Eastern Basketball Association (North for Sure, But Also East, Feb. 27)? That's absurd! The latitude and longitude of Anchorage are 61 degrees 10 minutes North and 149 degrees 45 minutes West. If people in Anchorage want some basketball competition, why don't they form a Western Basketball Association?

BRAD SKILMAN  
Manchester, Mass.

Sir

I have checked it out in my atlas and am surprised that the Anchorage Northern Knights belong in the Eastern Basketball Association but I'm still trying to figure out how Florida State winds up in the Midwest section of your college basketball rankings (BASKETBALL'S WEEK, Feb. 27).

TED TRINELL  
Cumberland, Md.

• SF's geographical grouping of basketball teams is geared to coincide with the regions in which they or their conference representatives are likely to appear in the NCAA tournament. Florida State is a member of the Metro 7 (see page 50), whose tournament champion has an automatic berth in the NCAA's Midwest Regional playoffs.—ED

Sir

The article on the Northern Knights triggered memories of the two summers (1951-52) I spent in Anchorage as the player-manager of a semipro baseball team. One year is House of David team, consisting mostly of Big Ten players and a few pros, came to town

to trouble the "Eskimo" All-Stars. The seasons had little time to clown that day. We thrashed them but good in a doubleheader. Our college players, who bailed from the West Coast, were more talented than the bearded boys from Benton Harbor. Some Eskimos we were! Then there was the time we played the Fairbanks All-Stars. The game began at midnight—without lights.

LORIS E. TUCKER  
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

## DR. SCAFF'S MARATHON

Sir

From one speck in that sea of faces shown in the photograph on page 62 of the start of the Honolulu Marathon (*The Rules of the Road*, Feb. 27) comes this warm aloha and mahalo for the article. I didn't go to his Honolulu Marathon Clinic, but I picked up many of my training tips from people who learned "the rules" from Dr. Jack Scaff, and I managed a safe, if slow, first marathon.

As a novice in the twin disciplines of writing and running, I can only admire and envy Kenny Moore for his abilities in both. I've composed several letters in recent months to thank you for his articles, but this is the first that has made it all the way through the typewriter without hitting "the wall."

ALAN PILARD  
Honolulu

Sir

The Honolulu Marathon story was just great. It's the best how-to, inspirational one this beginner (for the last 10 years) has read. And I've read a few.

DANIEL JUSTMAN, M.D.  
New York City

Sir

Being, I suspect, the only male 215-pound finisher of last year's New York and Honolulu marathons I feel qualified to give you an index of their relative difficulty. In New York I finished in three hours and 39 minutes, while in Honolulu I labored for four hours and 28 minutes. To the Honolulu Marathon Clinic, mahalo. However, there is no business like New York City show business. The 800,000 spectators who cheered us on made New York's the No. 1 marathon.

CLARENCE B. KUGLER IV  
Wayne, Pa.

## HOCKEY PUZZLE

Sir

In SCORECARD (Feb. 13) you cited a sports puzzle from "of all places, *The Farmer's Almanac* for 1978."

Almanacs have carried puzzles for centuries, so we don't think it is quite fair for you to use the phrase "of all places."

continued

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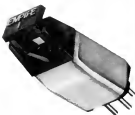
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### 19TH HOLE continued

And speaking of fairness, it would have been nice, when you republished our puzzle without asking for permission, to at least have referred to our real name, *The Old Farmer's Almanac of Dublin, N.H.* America's oldest continuous publication.

ROB THURBIDGE  
Publisher  
*The Old Farmer's Almanac*  
Dublin, N.H.

### OKLAHOMA JOCKEYS

Sir,

Perhaps William Leggett is forgetting that in the interim between Geromito and jockey Darrel McHargue (*He Hasn't Got the Horse Right There*, Feb. 20), a rider named Bobby Usery came out of Oklahoma to win a couple of Kentucky Derbys, a few New York Racing Association jockey titles and millions in purses. Having seen them both (McHargue and Usery, not McHargue and Geromito), I'd sooner place my \$2 on Usery's mount.

RICKEY GREENBERG  
Neptune, N.J.

### IN THE PASSENGER SEAT

Sir,

Being an auto-racing fan, I have attended many NASCAR and USAC 500-mile races, but one question has always remained unanswered, that being how it would feel to actually take a lap around one of those tracks in a stock car at racing speeds. Thanks to Sam Moses (*The World Is Smaller at 185 MPH*, Feb. 20), my question has been answered.

CAL WALDER  
Hazelton, Pa.

### ROOKIES

Sir,

I disagree with your vote for Walter Davis as Rookie of the Year (*It's Whooorrr! Boom! Whooor! Time*, Feb. 20). Marques Johnson is my choice. He may average fewer points than Davis, but Davis doesn't dominate play the way Marques does. Also Phoenix is an experienced team, while Milwaukee is more dependent on players with less experience.

CHRIS NELSON  
Alameda, Wis.

Sir,

Walter Davis truly is the outstanding rookie in the NBA. But to go so far as to say that he has "transformed the Phoenix Suns from a last-place team to a championship contender" is going too far. The Suns' downfall last year, after reaching the championship series in 1976, was the result of injuries to key players, not a lack of talent.

MARK M. MEDENDORP  
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sir,

Saying that Laker Guard Norm Nixon is playing surprisingly well is not only the understatement of the year, but is also the only one you mentioned this outstanding rookie. He doesn't get half the recognition he should because he doesn't average more than 20 points a game. With the likes of Kareem Ab-

dul-Jabbar and Adrian Dantley on the same team, what can you expect? Nixon does more than his share of the chores by being third in the league in assists, an outstanding defensive player and the team "quarterback." He should be the NBA Rookie of the Year.

JEFF DODLEY  
Orange, Calif.

Sir,

Your article on the NBA rookies must have offended every New Jerseyite who subscribes to SI. You refer to Bernard King's situation in New Jersey as an "entrapment." Judging from his statements, King doesn't seem to mind his so-called entrapment.

Right after the article came out, the "incomprehensibly horrible" Nets won three in a row and four out of five in the last of those games. King's "innates," as Curry Kilgattick calls them, beat the Seattle SuperSonics without King, who had the flu. With the reacquisition of "Super John" Williamson, and at least one good draft pick for 1978, the Nets' future doesn't look so bad.

MAKE COLLINS  
Manalapan, N.J.

Sir,

Your stereotyped description of New Jersey was very accurate as far as North Jersey is concerned, but to saddle South Jersey with these slanderous remarks is unforgivable. The proud residents of South Jersey couldn't care less about the Mafia, sons, tunnels or the Passaicway Nets. The team to root for in South Jersey is the Philadelphia 76ers. From now on, please refer to their mess in our north as North Jersey.

W. SCOTT SAPP  
Mount Holly, South Jersey

### TRAVELING TEAM

Sir,

Recently I read in your magazine about a high school team that traveled 300 miles round trip to play its first-ever interscholastic basketball game (SCORECARD, Jan. 30). Compared to our travel schedule, 300 miles is a close game. I coach basketball in rural Alaska and this year our Glennallen High School Panthers traveled more than 10,000 miles. We went from Glennallen to Valdez (230 miles round trip), to Barrow (1,700 miles), to Adak (3,000 miles, as you noted in your Feb. 20 FACES IN THE CROWD), to Seldovia twice (2,000 miles), to Nimitshuk (1,000 miles) and to Fairbanks (500 miles). We also made some miscellaneous trips of a few hundred miles or so. We have driven every highway in the state, traveled by a crab boat, by commercial and bush airlines, by bus and by private car.

LENEE V. HURSH  
Girls' Varsity Coach  
Glennallen High School  
Glennallen, Alaska

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